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# The Sketch



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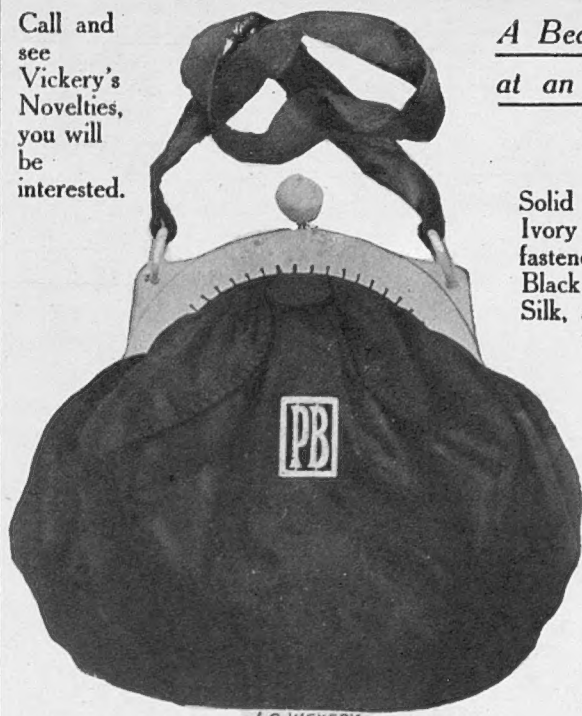
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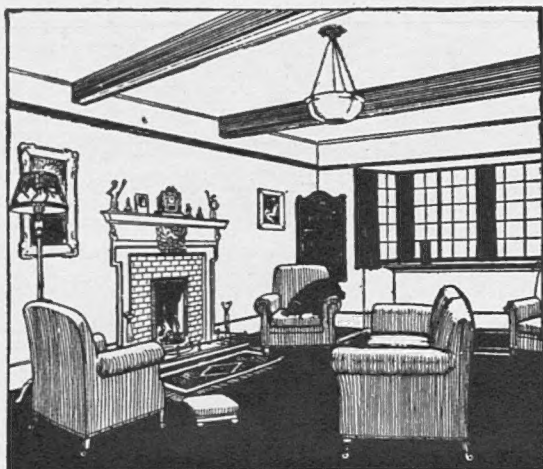
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REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

No. 1652 — Vol. CXXVII.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1924.

ONE SHILLING.



## A PARTICULARLY STRIKING EXHIBIT AT THE LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY: "PEARLS."

The sitter for the picture entitled "Pearls" is Miss Juliette Compton, who has appeared in several plays, and will shortly be seen on the screen in "Human Desires," a British super-film,

In it she plays the part of Andrée de Vigne, a vamp—"a woman to be bought with diamonds and gold," to quote the synopsis.

*Camera Portrait by Hugh Cecil now exhibited at the International Exhibition of the London Salon of Photography at the Galleries of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, Pall Mall, S.W.1.*



# Motley Notes

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND.."

## TO-DAY'S TALK ABOUT LISTENING.

I HAVE been reading an article in an evening paper by Lady Norah Bentinck. The article is called, "Conversation—A Lost Art."

Lady Norah is of opinion that many of us do not distinguish between discussion and argument. She holds, rightly, that argument is detestable, and savours of a badly managed school-room.

Argument, of course, is merely a weed-grown by-path of conversation. It is extremely unpleasant to traverse, and it leads nowhere, for nobody yet was ever convinced by argument.

There are several ways of dealing with an argumentative person. One is to remain silent and let him rumble away like a thunderstorm until he rumbles himself into the distance and is lost.

Another way is to agree with every word he utters. Argument thrives on opposition, and the greatest bore in the world cannot argue very long if his companion keeps nodding his head and muttering, "How true! Yes, yes! Ah! Fancy! Well, well! Indeed?"—and the like.

But the best way of all is to be called to the telephone. The telephone, intelligently used, is one of the greatest blessings ever conferred by the man of science upon his fellow-creatures. There is no arguing about whether you shall or shall not answer the telephone. You must answer it. And the man who

is arguing can never be sure that you have *not* been called to the telephone. You can leave him in the very middle of a sentence—leave him with his mouth open.

"Just one moment, old fellow! The telephone!"

You leave him with the impression that you will be back in a moment, but it stands to common-sense that you do not go back. Why should you? Unless you have left your drink; and even then you are probably better without it.

An argumentative person is the cause of much drinking. If the Prohibitionists would prohibit argument instead of alcohol they would be far on the way to getting a teetotal nation.

Look in at the doorway of any public-house, and you will find one man arguing and all the other people trying to drown their hearing with drink. A brave but foolhardy

effort. You may paralyse the faculty of speech with drink, but you can't put your auditory senses out of action unless you get very drunk indeed and go to sleep. Even then you may wake and find the man still arguing. Far, far better to leave him with one bold movement, and go next door for any further refreshment you may need.

But I am straying a long way from Lady Norah Bentinck.

"So strong," she writes, "is the inborn terror of the average Englishman of talking about anything but the most innocuous,

he will be instantly talked down. It is not that he is not supposed to know, but that people have allowed the art of listening to fall into desuetude. They cannot bear to listen. They must talk themselves. And yet the secret of good conversation is the art of listening.

No man who has anything to say worth saying is going to cast his pearls where pearls should not be cast. If he finds his company have not the art of listening, not a word will come from him.

And how much they miss, these chatter-boxes! Most people are worth hearing on some subject or another, if they can be got to talk about it. Some men can even talk on two subjects, and a few on more. But all can talk on one—the one that an experience of a lifetime has made their own.

Yet how often will you find some ignoramus holding forth volubly, and to the intense delight of himself, if of nobody else, on the very subject on which he could learn a great deal from the man at his elbow! It is a ludicrous situation, but quite common.

The expert, in the meantime, maintains an ironic silence. His very silence, like that of Macaulay, is delightful to those who are in the know. He lets the gabbler run on, stripping bare his pathetic ignorance until it is exposed to the gaze of all. And then, when at last the

babbler has done his worst, the man who really knows will fold his cloak about him, wish the company a polite good-night, and walk away.

They have lost a precious chance of intelligent conversation merely because they lacked the art of listening.

It is a delicate art, the art of listening. You cannot get a man to talk by bluntly asking him questions, or, as the dreadful saying used to be, "drawing him out." You must wait till he puts forth the first little tendril of informative speech, and then nourish it, preserve it, watch over it, and give it every chance to grow into a vigorous plant. Once get him well going in a sympathetic audience, and you will hear more than he will ever put into his autobiography.

Life is a paradox. The very nation that has become a nation of listeners-in has lost the art of listening.



THE COMING-OF-AGE OF THE MASTER OF BELHAVEN: FROM LEFT TO RIGHT ARE: THE MASTER OF BELHAVEN, LORD BELHAVEN, LORD RAGLAN, MR. HUTTON; (FRONT ROW): MISS HEATHER BELL, LADY RAGLAN, LADY BELHAVEN, LADY BIRDWOOD.

The Master of Belhaven, the Hon. Robert Alexander Benjamin Hamilton, is the eldest son of the eleventh Baron Belhaven and Stenton. He was born in 1903, and was educated at Eton and at the R.M.C.

Photograph by Ray Topping.

and therefore the dullest, of subjects that the art of conversation is—with the exception of a small circle of intellectuals—almost entirely non-existent to-day in England."

Without the least desire in the world to argue, I am fain to reply, conversationally, that I cannot agree with this statement. It may be correct that people are afraid to talk about things they do not understand and have not studied, but I have never experienced any such reluctance on the part of the talkers I have met.

Take the provocative topic of the theatre. Not one man in ten thousand has made a lifelong study of the theatre from every point of view—I mean as author, actor, and producer—and yet you will never find a man or woman, search where you will, who is not prepared to explain to the expert the expert's own business.

But let the expert venture an opinion, and





THE KING AND QUEEN OF GREECE IN SOUTH WALES: (LEFT TO RIGHT, BACK ROW) COL. BARSCI, MR. E. LLEWELLYN, CAPT. CRITCHLY SALMON, MAJOR RAMSDON; (FRONT ROW) MRS. BLANDY JENKINS, THE QUEEN OF GREECE, THE KING OF GREECE, MISS JENKINS, AND MRS. BUTLER.

From  
England,  
Scotland,  
and  
Wales.



LORD AND LADY FOLEY'S WEEK-END PARTY AT EASTBOURNE: (L. TO R., STANDING) CAPT. C. CLARKE, MR. H. GREENSTONE, AND LORD FOLEY; (SITTING) MRS. CLARKE, LADY FOLEY, AND MRS. GREENSTONE.



AT THE WESTERN MEETING AT AYR: THE HON. OLIVE CAMPBELL AND A FRIEND.



SURREY'S CRICKET CAPTAIN MARRIED: MR. P. G. H. FENDER AND HIS BRIDE, FORMERLY MISS R. CLAPHAM.

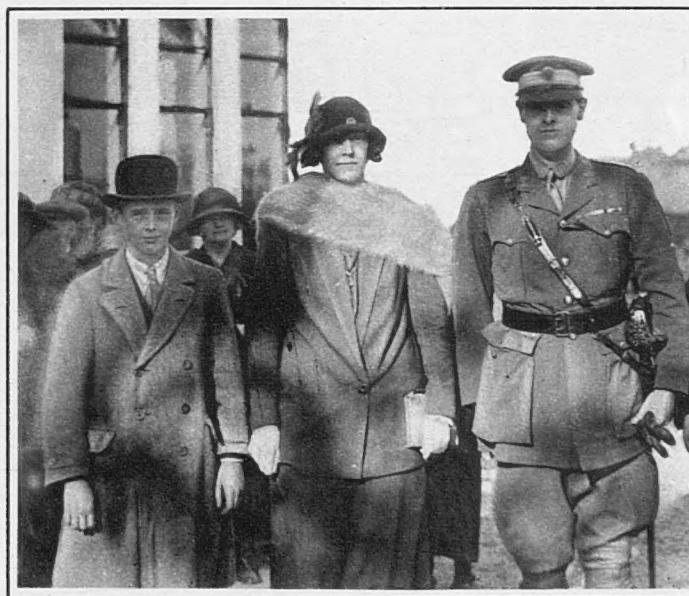


AT THE AYR RACES: LADY STANLEY AND A FRIEND.



GOLF AND TENNIS AT GLENEAGLES: (L. TO R.) MRS. RICHARD LLOYD GEORGE, DR. K. WILKINSON, SIR ROBERT McALPINE, MISS CUST, MISS BETTY TOWLE, AND MAJOR RICHARD LLOYD GEORGE.

The King and Queen of Greece have been staying with Mrs. Blandy Jenkins at Llanharan, South Wales.—Lord and Lady Foley have taken Rostrevor House, Eastbourne, for the summer, and recently entertained a small week-end party there.—The Hon. Olive Campbell is the daughter of Lord and Lady Blythwood.—The marriage of Mr. P. G. H. Fender, Surrey's famous cricket captain, to Miss Ruth M. Clapham took place last week at Frinton-on-Sea.—Lady Stanley was, before her marriage



OPENING A MINERS' WELFARE INSTITUTE AND UNVEILING A WAR MEMORIAL AT ORMISTON: THE MARQUESS AND MARCHIONESS OF LINLITHGOW AND THEIR SON.

to Lord Stanley, eldest son of Lord Derby, the Hon. Sybil Cadogan.—Among the visitors at Gleneagles are Major Richard Lloyd George, the eldest son of Mr. Lloyd George, and Mrs. Richard Lloyd George, who is a daughter of Sir Robert McAlpine.—The Marquess of Linlithgow recently unveiled a war memorial and opened a miners' welfare institute at Ormiston. Lady Linlithgow is a daughter of the Rt. Hon. Sir Frederick Milner.—[Photographs by Carver, C.N., Topical, S. and G., and Haigh.]



# SOMEWHAT MARRED BY THE COUGHING



*Miss H. Garrard,  
Miss M. Garrard & Capt. Garrard.*



*Mrs. Forrest and  
Miss Nicholas.*



*Miss Ratcliffe,  
Mrs. G. R. Bromet,  
and Miss  
J. Ratcliffe.*



*Pleased with the result: Miss Christey Miller,  
Col. the Hon. Charles Coventry & Miss Pamela Coventry.*



*Gen. Little, Mrs. Patrick and Mr. Little.*

The Warwick Meeting suffered greatly from the coughing epidemic, which shows no sign of abating, and the fields, usually so large here, were very small; but the races were well attended by many well-known people.—The Hon. Charles Coventry is the second son of the Earl of Coventry, and Miss Peggy Coventry is his elder daughter.—Lord Manton was born in 1899, and succeeded in 1922; in 1923 he married the daughter of



# EPIDEMIC: THE WARWICK RACES.



*Mrs. van der Byl with  
Mr. & Mrs. Holden.*



*Two well known Americans:  
Mr. & Mrs. H. Marsh.*



*A hearty laugh: Miss Wood,  
Lady Chesham, Lord Chesham &  
Mr. Weatherby.*



*With Miss Helen Muir:  
Lord Manton.*



*Miss Ennis Lawson, Capt. E.C. O'Brien  
and Miss Sheila Raynor.*



*Mrs. Bayford and Mr. Hope.*

Colonel Philip Langdale, of Houghton Hall, Yorkshire.—General Little is the second son of Sir Archibald Little.—Lord Chesham, who was born in 1894, is the fourth Baron, and in 1915 married Margot, daughter of the late Layton Mills, of Tansor Court, Oundle. He was educated at Eton and at the R.M.C., and served during the European War, when he was wounded.



# MARIEGOLD IN SOCIETY.

LONDON is beginning to show slight signs of life in its streets and brighter shops. Many are passing through on their way to visit friends, some abroad, others in Scotland. The Earl and Countess of Carlisle only stayed at Farm House, Pont Street (the residence of her grandmother, Mrs. Locker Lampson), before going on again to Kildonan, Barhill, Ayrshire.

Lord and Lady Northampton, the latter a daughter of the Marquess of Bath, also

Minister and Mme. Edwards spent their holiday at Le Touquet, but returned in time to give an afternoon At Home in honour of the anniversary of Chile's Independence. Mme. Edwards is both handsome and popular, and she does her entertaining on a very magnificent scale indeed. Her London home is one of the finest houses in town—22, Grosvenor Square. It used to belong to the Drexels, and is admirably adapted for receptions.

A most interesting first night at the Ambassadors' last week, both as regards play and people. The play was "Fata Morgana," an American version from the Hungarian. Is life in Hungary really like that? I do not mean altogether as regards actual happenings, but as regards atmosphere. If so—well, Hungary must be a good remedy against boredom, and many of us will feel like emigrating to the *puszta*, which apparently means plain in Hungarian. Well, the story is all about a beautiful married woman, not at all a nice character, who seduces quite a young boy, but she certainly is attractive as played by Miss Jeanne de Casalis.

If I am not mistaken, I think this is her first appearance in a big part in the West End, though she has, of course, acted at the Everyman, where she made an admirable Strange Lady in "The Man of Destiny." She

did, however, appear in Paris during the early months of the summer. Her part gave Miss de Casalis many opportunities for wearing beautiful dresses and *négligés*, all of which had the stamp of Paris on them.

In the stalls was Mrs. Asquith, in a silver dress, with cloak to match. She was talking with great animation to her daughter, Princess Bibesco, who was muffled up in a cloth-of-gold cloak; and with them was Mr. Anthony Asquith. Lord Lathom was also present.

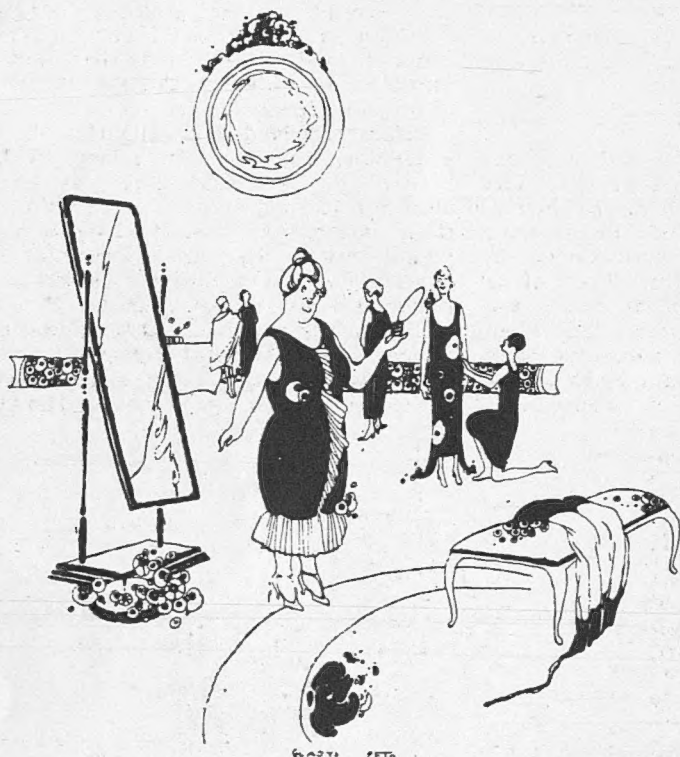
Lord Wodehouse, the well-known polo-player, who hurt his wrist so badly last season, has at last been persuaded to make a few remarks about the polo matches in America. In view of the great interest taken in the subject both by men and women in sporting circles, a few words about Lord and Lady Wodehouse may be interesting. Lady Wodehouse is a vivacious lady who takes a keen interest in

her husband's chief sport; she told me at the time when the American matches were being discussed how disappointed she was that they would not be going to America. But unfortunately Lord Wodehouse had hurt his wrist so severely that it could not get well unless rested for quite twelve months. There was some compensation for Lady Wodehouse, however, in the fact that she had just had a baby son, who thus became a direct heir to the Earl of Kimberley. In this family sons are always named simply John, without additions of any kind, so that there was none of the usual excitement in choosing names for the new arrival.

Before her marriage, two years ago, Lady Wodehouse was a Mrs. James Montagu, formerly Miss Frances Irby, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Leonard Howard Irby.

The Countess of Kimberley, wife of the second Earl and a daughter of Sir Henry Strachey, Bt., favours Labour views, and her interest in the present Government was made apparent when she was the only lady of title present at the first reception held by the Prime Minister and his daughter, Ishbel, on taking office.

Still they come! Latest news of the Society-Stage gossip says that those two



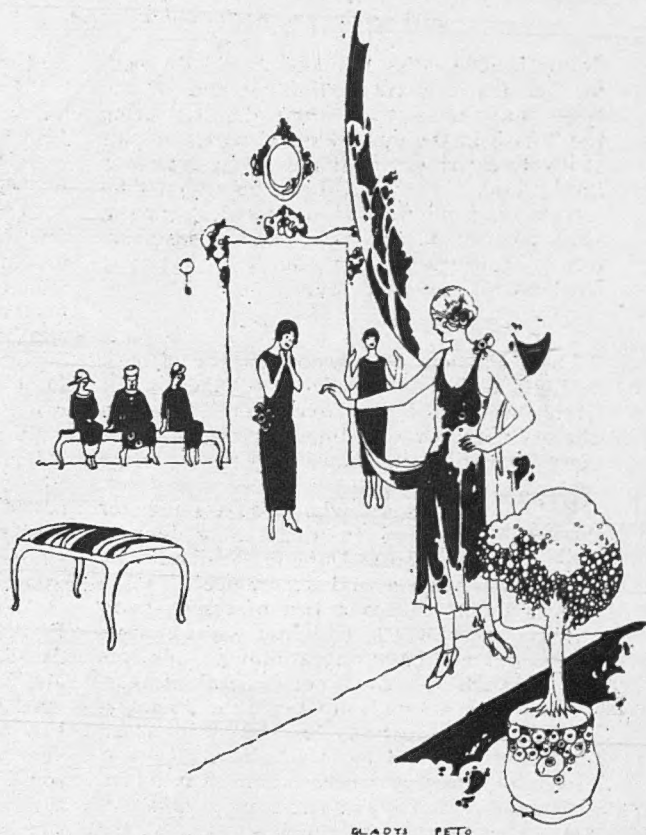
1. Angela is now taking her conducted party—the Morale-Midlande family, back to their native land. They, of course, make a short stay in Paris, where the Morale-Midlande females buy some remarkable frocks.

stayed in town for a few days, she wearing one of the new chimney-pot—or Empire period—hats in red, which suits her so well, because she is very dark.

Lord and Lady Ednam are another popular young couple who have come back—to their delightful house in Cheyne Walk, but only for a few days' stay. Lord and Lady St. Cyres are expected before long, for they have not been far afield for their holidays, choosing bracing Broadstairs, one of the prettiest of the Kent watering-places.

There are also numbers of other well-known people returning to town every day. The members of Embassies who have been scattered about the Continent of Europe are drifting back; and the people who never weary of the well-doing that takes the form of organising dances in aid of good causes are getting busy. Lady Linlithgow, for instance, has already booked a date for a ball some time late in the autumn. Lady Bruce-Porter, wife of Sir Bruce Bruce-Porter, is also working out details for a dance, the proceeds of which go to some Infant Welfare Centre in Islington.

The Kelloggs came back to town last week from Gleneagles, where all good golf enthusiasts with plenty of money go. The Chilean



2. After which Angela kindly allows them to watch her buy this attractive dress. She does not tell them that the modiste lady obligingly gave her this for nothing, as she was so pleased with her for bringing the Morale-Midlande females to her shop—they having bought all her most unsaleable garments.



pretty daughters of Lady Winefride Elwes—whose husband died so tragically when running beside a train—are to join the Tree School for lessons in dramatic art and stage deportment this term. Both have been abroad for some time now, and have had singing lessons all the time, for they naturally want to follow in their father's footsteps and sing as well as he did. They both have good voices—one a mezzo and the other a higher soprano.

Lord Plunket is interested in his sister's aspirations to make good on the comedy stage, and the Hon. Eileen Plunket intends to remain another term or two at the all-popular school. If she takes up the more

but the decision was not received from the American manager when I spoke to her, although by this time she may be packing up.

A happy ending to a summer romance was the marriage at St. Peter's Church, Tickencote, near Stamford, last week, of Lord Talbot de Malahide, owner of over three thousand acres in Co. Dublin, and Miss Joyce Kerr. Miss Kerr is the daughter of Mr. Frederick Kerr, who, it will be remembered, played the part of an old English landed proprietor in "So This is London." Miss Kerr has acted, too, but prefers literature to the stage, and was a War Office worker during the war.

Malahide Castle, the bride's future home, is said to be the oldest inhabited castle in the British Isles, and, of course, owns a ghost known as "Puck," and so, one supposes, is a spirit of bright disposition.

A correspondent from Aix-les-Bains writes: "The weather here is lovely, and the Lac du Bourget looks perfectly divine in the sunlight. Those of us who want to recall the days of our flapperdom can walk along its bank and see how much we remember of Lamartine's poem, 'Le Lac,' which seemed so beautiful to us in those days, in spite of the fact that we had to learn it off by heart, but seems rather feebly

sentimental to us now.

"Lawn-tennis has occupied all our thoughts lately, for the Franco-Italian championships have been in progress on the fine courts at the Club des Sports, and we all admired one of the Italian players, Colombo, who has not only a magnificent figure, but the head of a Caesar. De Murgio, another Italian, who looks Scotch, had an original idea for his white woollen sweater, which was embroidered in red, white, and green, the Italian colours, in interlaced circles. The event of the meeting was his slashing defeat of Henri Cochet, the French champion, who is very good-looking, and was obviously very popular.

"There are a good many English people staying at Aix-les-Bains, amongst them Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Baldwin, who are no longer mobbed as they often were last year. Mrs. Chadwick and her son, Captain Chadwick, are also among the visitors. Mrs. Chadwick spends her winters generally at Monte Carlo, where she has a flat in the Parc Palace, that imposing block of buildings overlooking the Casino. Captain Chadwick is not only an ardent opera-goer, but he has

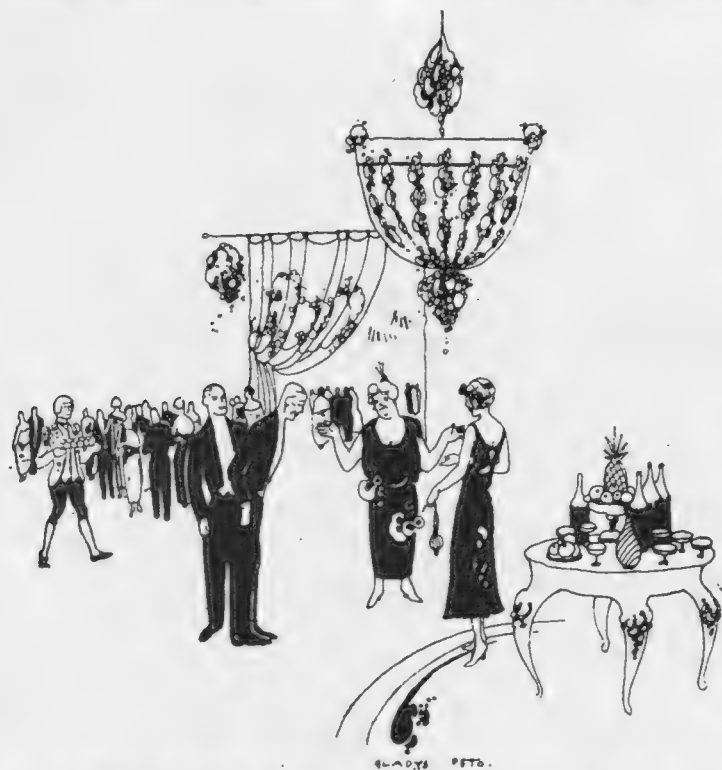
a fine voice, and made his début last season at Nice as Scarpia in 'La Tosca,' and Sharpless in 'Madame Butterfly.' He had great success and very fashionable audiences."

How flatteringly consistent are the rulers and other distinguished foreigners in their appreciation of everything English. I am stirred to remark this by the announcement that Princess Ileana of Roumania is visiting the Infanta Beatrice of Spain, at Brownsea Island. The Infanta is the Princess's aunt, so that is a good reason for her visit; but this is by no means the Princess's first stay in this country, and, like her sisters, she speaks English perfectly.

The Queen of Roumania is English by birth, and has never outgrown her love for her own country. Her second daughter, Queen Marie of Serbia, spent some time at an English boarding school. An affection for England seems to be a common trait in the trio of Royal sisters, for Queen Elizabeth of Greece spent several weeks of the summer here (and it surely could not be for the climate!) and Queen Marie has sent her year-old son to enjoy the air, if not the waters, of Harrogate.

Brownsea Island is a delightful place for a holiday, and used to belong to Lady Howard de Walden's father. It is quite ideal for Royalty who want a really quiet time, as strangers have to have a special permit before they are allowed to land. Princess Ileana is nearly sixteen, and rumour has already betrothed her to a king, for last year it was stated that she was going to marry King Boris of Bulgaria.

Princess Ileana, like her sisters, has inherited her mother's good looks. The Queen



3. The Morale-Midlandes say that Angela must now come and pay them a short visit in their Midland home. Angela imagines that they live in a sort of comic splendour like this, and that she will be a great heroine and presented to everyone.

dramatic side, Miss Plunket should do well, for her features are distinctive and of the type that looks well when demonstrating the "flash in the eye" kind of part. A pair of lovely ear-rings of the new gipsy type was Lord Plunket's recent gift to his sister, who travels up from the White House, Denham, almost every day in the week. Lady Victoria Braithwaite, her mother, lives at Denham all the year round.

Lady Patricia Blackwood has been back in London for two weeks now, and as her family were at Penn House, she stayed in Chelsea with her grandmother, the Dowager Lady Dufferin, while awaiting a new stage contract.

Unlike the others who are training for the future they wish to adopt—Miss Pamela Boscawen and Miss Daphne Graham are about to try the actual experience of a life that is by no means a bed of roses—Lady Patricia Blackwood, daughter of Countess Howe, did not have any training. She was staying with the Governor-General of Australia when she made up her mind to work. Her first application to the Williamson Company brought her a small engagement lasting only a few weeks. She then joined Lady Forbes-Robertson's company, and was given a small part, in which she toured the big cities, Adelaide, Brisbane, and found the theatres very comfortable, and the audiences "just splendid." Lady Patricia is now waiting to hear about a contract she hopes to sign to take her to New York;



4. But she is quite wrong. The Morale-Midlandes, though terribly affluent, do not believe in spending money in the home. Having settled their guest with some interesting photograph-albums, they revert to their ordinary simple evening pleasures. Mr. and Mrs. Morale-Midland play nursery card games (for counters), and Daisy practises her new song—

"I gave my love a posy

All wrapped about with dew"—

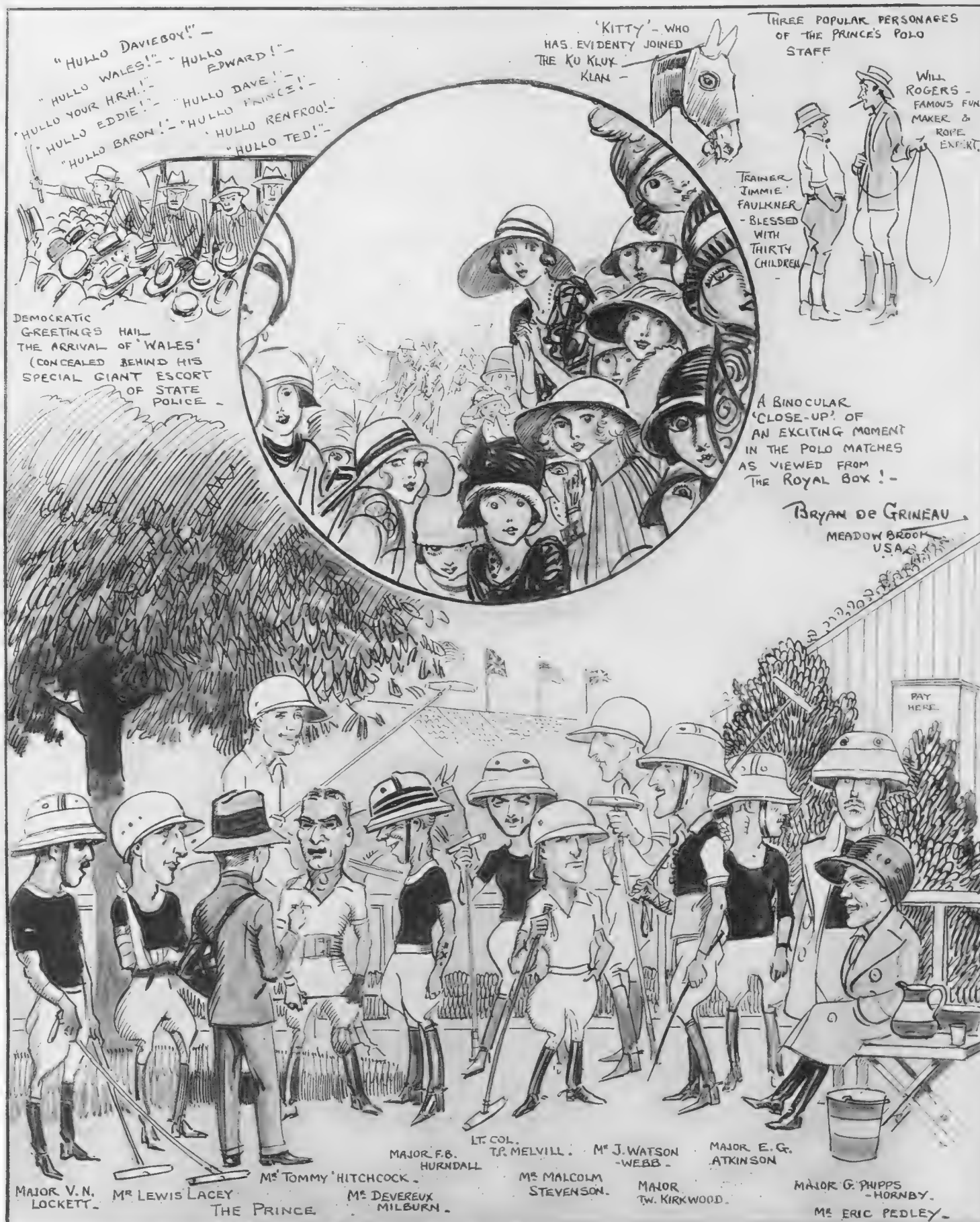
accompanied by Auntie. Angela is leaving almost at once.

of Roumania is also noted for her taste in clothes—she has a style all her own, verging on the picturesque, which becomes her extremely well.

MARIEGOLD.



# Peaceful Polo Personalities at Meadowbrook.



## THE INTERNATIONAL POLO AND THE PRINCE: AS SEEN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

Our artist has sent us an harmonious if not exactly flattering drawing of Meadowbrook in preparation for the International polo matches, wherein it is obvious that the interest taken by the spectators in the sport was rivalled by the excitement aroused by the presence of the Prince of Wales. In fact, our artist, in a note attached to the

drawing, suggests that if the Prince attends any future matches, it would be more considerate to the fair spectators if their seats were arranged so as to face the Royal Box rather than the polo ground. America won the first match by 16 goals to 5, and the second by 14 to 5, thus retaining the cup.

SPECIALLY DRAWN AT MEADOWBROOK FOR "THE SKETCH" BY BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



## Twenty-five Minutes of the Best on the Tay.



MRS. RADCLYFFE WITH THE TWO MONSTERS THAT FELL TO HER ROD THE OTHER DAY.

Mrs. Radclyffe, of Chestall House, Rugeley, Staffordshire, caught these two magnificent salmon, one weighing 42 lb., and the other 41 lb., on the Lower Scone stretch of the River Tay, which is the largest of Scotch rivers, with a catchment basin of 2510 square miles. It takes its name only from where it flows out

of Loch Tay, though its sources are quite forty miles away from Kenmore at the foot of that loch. It rises from small springs and streams welling from the slopes of Ben Lin. Mrs. Radclyffe was using a Wilkinson fly, and each fish was grassed in less than twenty-five minutes after a stiff fight.—[Photo. by P. McLaren.]



# A Royal Trio, the Irish St. Leger, and Other Events.



THE IRISH ST. LEGER: (L. TO R.) MR. WELDON, SIR ANTHONY WELDON, AND MRS. VARTY ROGERS.



AT THE CURRAGH MEETING: MR. J. J. MAHER (LEFT), WITH LADY DOROTHE MOORE AND COLONEL CHARTERS.



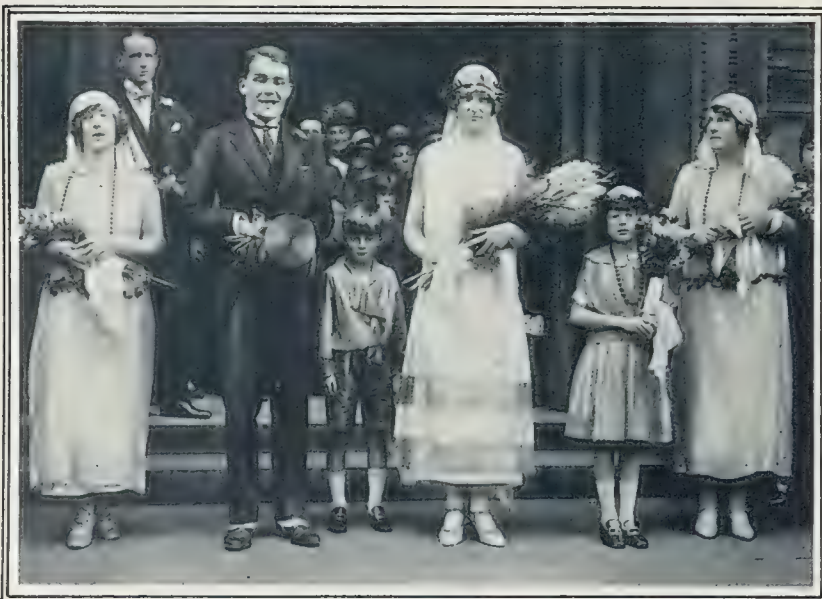
AT CURRAGH: SIR WALTER AND LADY NUGENT, THE EARL OF GRANARD, AND SIR WILLIAM GOULDING.



THE HILL 60 V.C.'S SON CHRISTENED: THE REV. B. H. GEARY, WITH MRS. GEARY AND NEVILL JOHN.



AT THE NEWTON ABBOTT RACES: (L. TO R.) MISS M. CLEGG, MR. AND MRS. ASSHETON CLEGG, AND MISS B. CLEGG.



THE MARRIAGE OF MR. GEORGE MOSTYN AND MISS CATHARINE HOLLAND: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM, WITH THE BRIDESMAIDS AND PAGE.

The Irish St. Leger, which was won by Major G. Loder's Zodiac, drew great crowds to the Curragh last week.—Mr. and Sir Anthony Weldon are the sons of Lady Weldon.—Lady Dorothe Moore is the second daughter of the Earl of Denbigh, and married in 1917 Captain Charles Moore, M.C.—Sir Walter Nugent is the fourth Baronet, and married Miss Aileen O'Malley, daughter of the late Middleton More O'Malley.—The christening of the infant son of the Rev. B. H. Geary, the Hill 60 V.C., took place at Holy Trinity



WITH THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK: THE QUEEN IN THE ROCK GARDEN AT BALMORAL CASTLE.

Church, Albany Street.—The marriage of Mr. George Anthony Mostyn, son of the Hon. Harold and Mrs. Mostyn, to Miss Catharine Sibylla Holland, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Holland, of Canterbury, took place last week. The bridesmaids were Miss Mariel Bruce, Miss Marjorie Bruce, and Miss Anne Maude; and Master Simon Maude acted as train-bearer.—The King and Queen have been staying at Balmoral Castle, and our photograph shows her Majesty in the beautiful rock garden there, with the Duke and Duchess of York.

Photographs by L.N.A., B.I., I.B., and C.N.



## A Fair Type of English Beauty.



MISS GLADYS COOPER.

Miss Gladys Cooper is still impersonating Dora, the heroine of Sardou's "Diplomacy," at the Adelphi, and in that part has revealed herself a great actress; thereby making the play even more popular than it was before.

*From the Painting by Tade Styka, exhibited at the Salon of the Société Nationale des Beaux Arts.*



## A September Morning by the Lake-Side.

FROM THE PAINTING BY CUCUEL, EXHIBITED AT THE SAISON (SOCIÉTÉ NATIONALE DES BEAUX ARTS), WITH THE TITLE, "JOURS DE L'ÉTÉ"



"Meantime this fairer nymph than ever blest  
Arcadian stream, with timid eye around  
The banks surveying, stripp'd her beauteous limbs  
To taste the lucid coolness of the stream."



# The Reel Thing.



AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER (pointing to host's stuffed fish): "Enlargement, I presume?"

DRAWN BY ALFRED LEETE.





## The Clubman.

By Beveren.

### The Break in the Prince's Voice.

If you have heard the Prince of Wales make a speech, you will recognise the distinctive ring in his voice. It is easily recognisable, too, on the gramophone.

In the record on "Sportsmanship" which the Prince has just made for the benefit of British Legion funds, there is one most natural and human touch. Twice in the course of the record he falters for a brief moment. The gramophone people were well advised to let the first attempt stand; otherwise that human touch would have been lost.

### The Two Beers.

The Prince has always read his speeches well; and his voice is clear and agreeable in timbre. Now he is showing the ability to introduce asides and impromptus which are to the point, and add to the illustrative qualities of his speeches.

He can also tell a story quite well. One he is telling just now recalls how when visiting a certain regiment he was invited to enter the men's canteen and sample the beer. He was told that there were two qualities—one sold at fourpence, the other at sixpence.

"What is the difference?" he asked.

"Tuppence, Sir," was the immediate reply of the N.C.O. behind the bar.

### The First Tanks.

It has been recalled, during the last few days, that it was in September 1916 that the Tanks, one of the instruments of war due entirely to British inventiveness, first came into action.

Those who were in the fighting on the Somme at that time will remember how well kept was the mystery that surrounded the new monsters. The word "caterpillar" was at first used somewhere down at the Base, but that was quickly scrapped as being likely to give a clue to the nature of the new arm. On the night before the battle which saw Lieutenant-Colonel Frank Summers take the pioneer Tanks over the top, there was indeed reference in "battle orders" to something new, but up in the front little more was known about the new engines of war than that they were to be called "Mr." and "Mrs."

I never really discovered the exact difference between the male and the female tank. When the war correspondents got to work, the word most frequently used was the Biblical one, "Behemoth," but that appellation soon dropped out.

The first tanks carried nine-pounders. To show how little one branch of the Army could know of another, let me mention that I heard an infantry captain telling his men of the powerful new ally that was to join them. He described what the tank was like, and then added: "They are armed with guns, 9-inch guns."

### About Old Tales.

The new books of reminiscences are reviving several most excellent stories, which have been laid aside for a number of years. I have been trying lately to estimate how long, on the average, a good story lies buried before its resurrection. I calculate that a witty tale, not too easy to remember, can keep out of the pages of the journals for a good twenty years; but a plain-pointed tale, racy of the soil and told in the vernacular, is fortunate if it is left in peace more than

whole time the Exhibition has been opened. The cheaper charge for admission and the inevitable rush of sightseers who realise that it must be "now or never" has done much to swell the attendance, but there can be no doubt that the great attraction has been the gloriously impressive "Torchlight and Searchlight Tattoo" which night after night packed every part of the huge Stadium.

Scores of people skilled in understanding what attracts modern crowds have spent time and thought devising attractions for the Stadium. Famous pageant producers have been engaged, and vast sums of money have been spent. And then, after all, the public decided for itself what drew it most of all. The thousands that thronged to the Torchlight Tattoo discovered that here was a spectacle that excited the imagination, touched the heart, aroused the best sentiment that was in them, inspired pride of race, and gave a sort of religious glow to the history and traditions of the race. There was nothing theatrical, nothing of commonness or vulgarity in the moving scenes that unfolded themselves.

### Uplifting Moments.

Arbiters of public taste have told us that the people are sick of anything that reminds them of the war; but, as has often been the case, they were wrong. Here was a pageant of virile manhood—Cavalry, Artillery, Guards, Air Force—doing in a picturesque setting work which was largely part of their normal training. Hundreds of onlookers heard for the first time since they had left the Army the bugle and trumpet calls, the resounding "Reveille," the melancholy, sometimes saddening "Last Post," and that most tuneful of all Artillery calls, "Stables." It sent the memory back with a surge. It took the mind to the great days when, whether they were good or bad soldiers, men lived the man's life, away from the petty struggles of town civilisation. When the Scottish pipers played their wild notes, when across the vastness of the amphitheatre there came from imitation camp-fires the strains of many well-remembered tunes, it made one think, and feel, and remember. When at the close, underneath the darkened sky, 60,000 and more people stood and sang "Abide with Me," there was a poignancy in the atmosphere that can come only now and again in the average person's life.

It was indeed an uplifting, an inspiring show. While our people prove themselves so drawn to so national, so military a display we need worry little about the inroads of Bolshevism.

And, coming back to the art of showmanship, is it not strange to reflect that this Torchlight Tattoo was presented at Wembley as a sort of "fill-up"? Still, even in the theatres such a thing is not unusual. I have always heard that "The Beggar's Opera" at the Lyric, Hammersmith, began in that way.



WITH A GODSON OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA: MME. POKLEWSKI-KOZIELL AND ROMAN.

Mme. Poklewski-Koziell, the wife of the Commercial Counsellor to the Polish Legation, gave birth to another son last week. Here she is shown with her elder boy, Roman, a godson of Queen Alexandra's.

Portrait Study by Marcus Adams, The Children's Studio, 43, Dover Street, W.

five years; and it goes on all sorts of travels, over the seas and into the furthestmost parts of the earth.

Here is one story which came to me the other day. It must be twenty years since I read it in an old book of reminiscences that I picked up in a country house. It concerns a French duchess and a French wit, and was in the days when there was no Entente Cordiale.

"In your opinion," asked the Duchess, "what animal most closely resembles man?"

The wit reflected for a while, and then replied gravely:

"Madame, l'Anglais."

### The Greatest Show of All.

The closing stages of the Exhibition at Wembley have seen the largest day after day crowds that have gathered the



# Dog Studies and Dog Verses: No. XII.



[Photograph by H. Armstrong Roberts.]

**D**EAR Rover is the Fairy King, and Sam's the Fairy Queen,  
 And I'm their daughter, quite grown-up, the Princess Geraldine.  
 We're sitting in our palace, dressed in gorgeous rusty gowns,  
 And—though you cannot see them, p'raps—we're wearing golden crowns.  
 The table's made of silver, and the table-cloth of silk,  
 We're eating scrunchy sugar-cakes (of course, it's really milk).  
 So, if you'd like to dine with us, please step indoors and bring  
 A chair; you'll find there's lots of room between the Queen and King.  
 Do hurry up, or I'm afraid their Majesties won't wait—  
 Oh, Nurse, I'm sure you must be wrong; it can't be half-past eight . . .  
 I hope you will excuse me, Sir, and won't think I'm ill-bred  
 To go away and leave you here (I've got to go to bed).  
 Good-night, dear Queen, good-night, dear King—don't run away like that!  
 They might have waited till I'd gone—(oh, it's the next-door cat!)

JOE WALKER.



## At the "L.S.P.": Photography as a Fine Art.



**"DEVOUT MEDITATION": VISCOUNTESS CURZON IN MEDIÆVAL GUISE.**

Lady Curzon (whose fair beauty has inspired the photographer to produce this lovely picture of mediæval days) is seen in the dress she wore at the Heart of Empire Ball, where she represented England.

CAMERA PORTRAIT BY HUGH CECIL NOW BEING EXHIBITED AT THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF THE LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY AT THE GALLERIES OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS, PALL MALL, S.W.1.



# At the "R.P.S.": Photography as a Fine Art.



"THE BROKEN BOWL," BY F. A. KUNISHIGE



BY NICHOLAS MURAY.



"A SON OF THE EAST," BY J. VANDERPANT.



"SALOME," BY F. DRTIKOL.

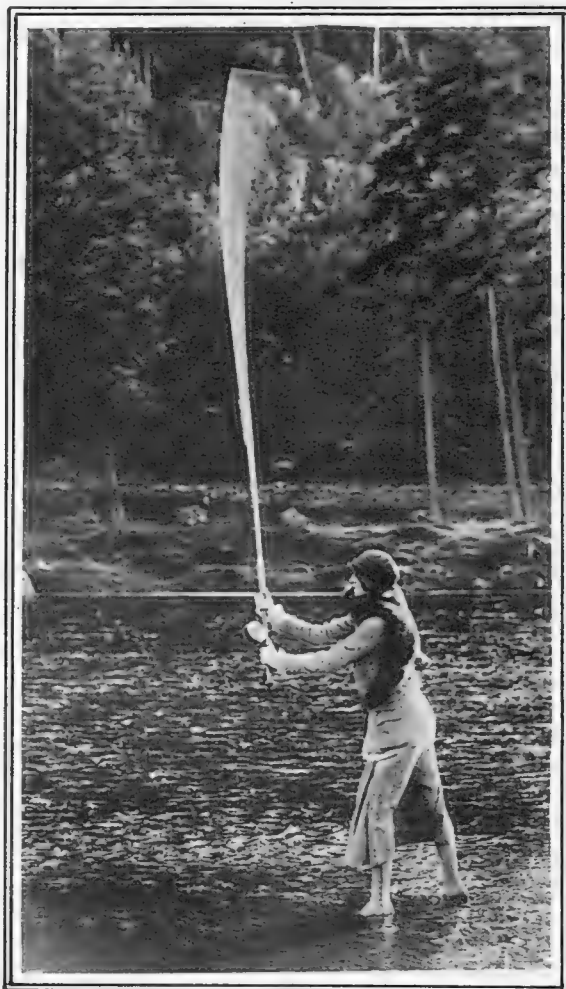
The "R.P.S." Exhibition differs from that of the "L.S.P." in that, though it contains many beautiful examples of photography as a fine art, it is not restricted to subject pictures and landscapes, but contains many photographs dealing with the more scientific side. The examples of photographs concerned with natural history and other

sciences are particularly interesting to those who treat photography from its practical as opposed to its artistic side. It may safely be said that the present, the seventy-ninth annual exhibition, has never been excelled. Some of the most interesting of the scientific photographs appear in "The Illustrated London News."

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY OF GREAT BRITAIN, NOW BEING HELD AT 35, RUSSELL SQUARE, W.C.1.



## On the Best Angling River in Scotland: Fishing on the Dee.



A STRANGE PHOTOGRAPHIC EFFECT: MRS. BAIRD OF ELIE MAKING A CAST IN A STRONG WIND ON THE INVERCAULD REACH.



WATCHING THE SALMON JUMP: MISS LEICESTER-WARREN, LADY CAROLINE AGAR, LADY SOMERS, MRS. BAIRD OF ELIE, AND LADY APSLEY.



LADY APSLEY HOOKS A NICE ONE: LADY SOMERS (ON LEFT) READY TO GAFF IT, AND MRS. BAIRD OF ELIE WATCHING.

Mrs. Baird is the wife of Mr. William James Baird of Elie, Co. Fife, and the daughter of John Porter Porter of Belle Isle, Co. Fermanagh.—Lady Caroline Agar is the third daughter of the Earl of Normanton.—Lady Somers is the wife of the sixth Baron Somers, and the daughter of the late Captain Bertram Meeking.—Lady Apsley is the wife of Lord Bathurst's eldest son, and she and Lady Somers are sisters.—The Invercauld Fisheries, where our photographs were taken, are noted for their good sport. It was here that, in 1892, two rods got 156 fish in sixteen days; and in 1896 two other sportsmen got respectively 156 and 104 fish in twenty-two days.

*Photographs by Sport and General.*



WITH MISS LEICESTER-WARREN: LADY APSLEY CHANGING A FLY.



# The Little French Marvel Becomes Girl Champion.



THE FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD FRENCH MARVEL:  
MLLE. DE LA CHAUME.



A "CLOSE-UP" OF THE GIRL PRODIGY: MLLE. SIMONE THION  
DE LA CHAUME.



THE LAST EIGHT: (L. TO R.) MISS E. WILSON (THE YOUNGEST PLAYER), MISS M. PAGE, MISS M. PEET, MISS K. NICHOLLS,  
MLLE. S. DE LA CHAUME, MISS D. PEARSON, MISS B. AYLING, AND MISS M. LEES.

The outstanding feature of the Girls' Golf Championship, which took place last week at Stoke Poges, was the remarkable play of the French prodigy, Mlle. Simone Thion de la Chaume. Although not yet sixteen years old, and small and slight of physique, she drives

like a man, and seems to make few really bad shots. She beat Miss Enid Wilson, a promising young English player of fourteen—the youngest competitor—in the semi-final, and Miss Dorothy Pearson in the final by 4 and 2.

*Photographs by S. and G., Photopress, and C.N.*





# TOMMY AND TUPPENCE.

A DETECTIVE SERIES BY AGATHA CHRISTIE.

Author of "The Man in the Brown Suit," "The Man Who Was Number Four," "The Grey Cells of M. Poirot," "The Mysterious Affair at Styles," "The Murder on the Links," "The Secret Adversary," etc.

## No. I.—PUBLICITY.

"IT'S extraordinary to me," said Mrs. Thomas Beresford, stifling the sixth yawn in half-an-hour, "how different everything always is from what you think it's going to be."

"A very profound statement, Tuppence," said her husband. "But not original. Eminent poets, and still more often eminent divines, have said it before—and, if you will excuse my saying so, have said it better."

"Four years ago," continued Tuppence, taking no notice of the interruption, "I would have sworn that, with sufficient money to buy things with and with you for a husband, all life would be one grand sweet song, as one of the poets you seem to know so much about puts it."

"Is it me or the money that palls upon you?" inquired Tommy coldly.

"Palls isn't exactly the word," said Tuppence kindly. "I'm used to my blessings, that's all. One never thinks what a boon it is to be able to breathe through one's nose until one has a cold in the head."

"Shall I neglect you a little?" suggested Tommy. "Take other women about to night clubs—that sort of thing?"

"Useless," said Tuppence. "You would only meet me there with other men. And I should know perfectly well that you didn't care for the other women; whereas you would never be quite sure that I didn't care for the other men. Women are so much more thorough."

"It's only in modesty that men score top marks," murmured her husband. "But what is the matter with you, Tuppence? Why this yearning discontent?"

"I don't know. I want things to happen. Exciting things. Wouldn't you like to go chasing German spies again, Tommy? Think of the wild days of peril we went through once. Of course, I know you're more or less in the Secret Service now, but it's pure office work."

"You mean you'd like them to send me into darkest Russia disguised as a Bolshevik bootlegger, or something of that sort?"

"That wouldn't be any good," said Tuppence. "They wouldn't let me go with you, and I'm the person who wants something to do so badly. At the present minute I'm doing nothing but spend money. It's a good sport, but it gets monotonous in the end to one of my simple tastes. How do you like this hat, by the way? I bought it yesterday."

"You're always buying hats. Is it a cloche?"

"All hats are cloches."

"You've got thirteen cloche hats already. I can't see what you want with a fourteenth."

"I love buying hats," said Tuppence. "I always did. Besides, thirteen is an unlucky number."

At that minute the door opened, and a tall lad of fifteen who seemed undecided as to whether he was a footman or a page-boy inquired in a truly magnificent manner—

"Are you at home, Madam? The front-door bell has just rung."

"I wish Albert wouldn't go to the pictures," sighed Tuppence, after she had signified her assent and Albert had withdrawn. "He's copying that Long Island butler now. Thank goodness I've cured him of asking for people's cards and bringing them to me on a salver—the cards, I mean."

The door opened again, and Albert announced "Mr. Carter," much as though it were a Royal title.

"The Chief," muttered Tommy, in great surprise.

Tuppence jumped up with a glad exclamation and greeted a tall, grey-haired man with piercing eyes and a fixed smile.

"Mr. Carter, I am glad to see you."

"That's good, Mrs. Tommy. I can only stay a minute or two. I've got a proposition to put before you. But first answer me a question. How's life generally?"

"Satisfactory, but dull," replied Tuppence with a twinkle.

"Better and better," said Mr. Carter. "I'm evidently going to find you in the right mood. Ever take the *Daily Leader*?"

Tuppence picked up a copy of the paper from the table and handed it to him. Mr. Carter took it, ran his finger down the second column on the front page, and then beckoned to Tommy.

"Just read out that advertisement, will you?"

Tommy complied.

"Blunt's Detective Agency. Theodore Blunt, Manager. Private Inquiries. Large Staff of Confidential and Highly Skilled Inquiry Agents. Utmost discretion. Consultations free.—118, Haleham Street, W.C."

He looked inquiringly at Mr. Carter. The latter nodded.

"Been on its last legs for some time," he murmured. "Friend of mine acquired it for a mere song. We're thinking of setting it going again—say, for a six months' trial. And during that time, of course, it will have to have a manager."

"What about Mr. Theodore Blunt?" asked Tommy.

"Mr. Blunt has been rather indiscreet, I'm afraid. In fact, Scotland Yard have had to interfere. Mr. Blunt is being detained at his Majesty's expense, and he won't tell us half of what we'd like to know."

"I see, Sir," said Tommy. "This is work for the Department?"

"Didn't I say so? How careless of me! Six months' leave from the office. Ill-health. And, of course, if you like to run a detective agency under the name of Theodore Blunt, it's nothing to do with me."

Tommy eyed his Chief steadily.

"Any instructions, Sir?"

"Mr. Blunt did some foreign business, I believe. Look out for blue letters with a Russian stamp on them. From a ham merchant anxious to find his wife, who came as a refugee to this country some years ago. Moisten the stamp and you'll find the number 16 written underneath. Make a copy of these letters and send the originals on to me. Also, if anyone comes to the office and makes a reference to the number 16, inform me immediately."

"I understand, Sir," said Tommy. "And apart from these instructions?"

Mr. Carter picked up his gloves from the table and prepared to depart.

"You can run the agency as you please. I fancied"—his eyes twinkled a little—"that it might amuse Mrs. Tommy to try her hand at a little detective work."

"Tommy," cried Tuppence, in an ecstasy, as the door closed behind Mr. Carter, "won't it be fun? We'll hunt down murderers, and discover the missing family jewels, and find people who've disappeared—"

Tommy checked her transports.

"Calm yourself, Tuppence, calm yourself, and try and forget the cheap fiction you're in the habit of reading. Our clientèle—if

we have any clientèle at all—will be solely composed of husbands who want their wives shadowed, and wives who want their husbands shadowed. Evidence for divorce is the sole prop of private inquiry agents."

"Ugh!" said Tuppence, wrinkling a fastidious nose. "We shan't touch divorce cases. We must raise the tone of our new profession."

Tommy shook his head doubtfully.

"The way of reformers is hard," he murmured.

The young couple took possession of the offices of Blunt's Detective Agency a few days later. They were on the second floor of a somewhat dilapidated building in Bloomsbury. Tuppence, with an eye to the dramatic effect, undertook the furnishing and general *mise en scène*.

In the small outer office, Albert relinquished the rôle of a Long Island butler, and took up that of office boy—a part which he played to perfection. A paper bag of sweets, inky hands, and a tousled head was his conception of the character.

From the outer office, two doors led into inner offices. On one door was painted the legend "Clerks"; on the other, "Private." Behind the latter was a small, comfortable room furnished with an immense business-like desk, a lot of artistically labelled files, all empty, and some solid leather-seated chairs. Behind the desk sat the pseudo Mr. Blunt, trying to look as though he had run a detective agency all his life. A telephone, of course, stood at his elbow. Tuppence and he had rehearsed several good telephone effects, and Albert also had his instructions.

In the adjoining room were Tuppence, a typewriter, the necessary tables and chairs of an inferior type to those in the room of the great chief, and a gas-ring for making tea. Nothing was wanting, in fact, save clients.

Tommy and Tuppence compared notes ruefully a week after their installation.

"Three idiotic women whose husbands go away for week-ends," sighed Tommy. "Anyone come whilst I was out at lunch?"

"A fat old man with a flighty wife," sighed Tuppence sadly. "I've read in the papers for years that the divorce evil was growing, but somehow I never seemed to realise it until this last week. I'm sick and tired of saying 'We don't undertake divorce cases.'"

"We've put it in the advertisements now," Tommy reminded her. "So it won't be so bad."

"I'm sure we advertise in the most tempting way, too," said Tuppence, in a melancholy voice. "All the same, I'm not going to be beaten. If necessary, I shall commit a crime myself, and you will detect it!"

"And what good would that do? Think of my feelings when I bid you a tender farewell at Bow Street."

"It wouldn't come to Bow Street. Publicity. That's what we need. Yes—publicity. I wonder now—"

Business did not improve. Tuppence went about with a dark and brooding look on her face, Albert took to two bags of sweets a day, and Tommy yawned with increasing frequency.

And then, one glorious Thursday morning, the client arrived!

There was a knock on the outer door. Albert, who had just placed an acid drop

[Continued on Page xviii.]



# This Week's Studdy.



**"YOICKS!"**

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY G. E. STUDDY.

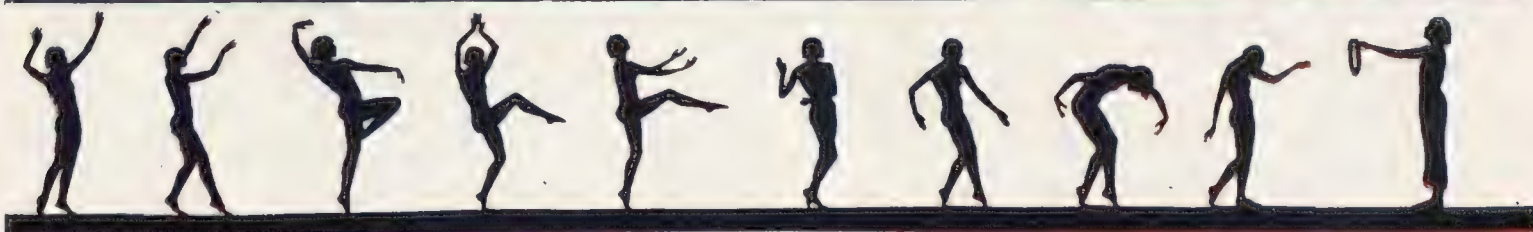




### HIERATIC AND ORIGINAL: TWO DANCES BY OSTRAHAN

Miss Blanche Ostrahan, who used to be a pupil of Miss Margaret Morris, and had such a success in America a short time ago, is here in London. Miss Ostrahan in some of the most beautiful n

PHOTOGRAPHS BY



IAN—WITH A SILHOUETTE FRIEZE NOT IN COSTUME.

seen as an Egyptian in a hieratic attitude, and in a very fantastic costume of her own devising. The frieze below shows the grace of movements of her dances, and are taken from life.

Y-BERTRAM PARK.



## The Dancing Cupid.



MME. PAVLOVA'S *PREMIÈRE DANSEUSE* AND UNDER-STUDY: HILDA BUTSOVA.

Mme. Butsova (Mme. Pavlova's *première danseuse*) is again appearing at Covent Garden, and, judging from the applause after her graceful and finished dancing as Swanilda in the ballet of "Coppelia," has secured a distinct and well-earned success. Her mastery of difficult technique

shows how ably Mme. Butsova (although she herself is English by birth) has applied her talent for Russian ballet. Her rendering of Cupid in "Flora's Awakening"—it will be remembered she was Cupid also in "Don Quixote"—has placed her in the first rank.





## Criticisms in Cameo.

### I.

#### PAVLOVA AT COVENT GARDEN.

SHE blew on to the vast stage like a bit of down floating on a summer wind. How can I explain the welcome, the enthusiasm, the thunderous applause of greeting? Was it the enchantment of memory or the delicious thrill of anticipation? It was both, and yet more. It was the outburst of sudden joy that springs when Beauty teases us out of Care and takes us into "the very temple of Delight." The subject-matter of the "Don Quixote" ballet is not ideal, and the music has no distinction, but the art of the ballet-master and the dancers have made it prodigal with loveliness. Now we are in the market-place at Barcelona, and Pavlova, as the dark, passionate innkeeper's daughter, child of light colour and the reeking Southern air, pirouettes with the gay abandon of a Catalonian gypsy. With sidelong glances behind her fan she leaps light as air, the filmy fabrics, lucent and billowy, fluttering about her like entrapped birds. All the glamour of Spain with its tales, empty and brilliant as blown soap-bubbles, and ardours voiced to the strings of a guitar, glowed in this palpitating movement. The Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance (M. Domoslavski) posed in fantastic heroics, and his faithful Sancho (M. Markovski), capering comically, was tossed in a blanket. A barber wooer of boyish fervour (M. Novikoff) and a mannered exquisite (M. Pianowski), with a couple of street dancers (M. Volinine and Mlle. Sophie Fedorova), filled out the picture of exultant gaiety with lively rhythmical steps. Then the scene changes. The bewildering evolutions of the market-place, the passionate interludes and *joie-de-vivre* of noon are no more. We are in Dulcinea's garden. It is so strange, so intangible, and as delicate as dreams. I look through gossamer films of gauze and there are maidens with violets in their eyes and rose-buds on their lips and lilies in their breath and skin. Am I waking or sleeping? Pavlova as Dulcinea—her white arms and fragile figure moving in flowing lines, her sensitive face so pale and ethereal, with its dark, fathomless eyes looking across an unmeasured distance where mists lie between. It is all so unsubstantial, so elusive, so wraith-like and rarefied that I have lost touch with earth. Her personality melts into the poetry of movement till she becomes a lyric of the dance incarnate. This is a fragile, exquisite beauty, instinct with spirituality that is rarely realised and never forgotten. I could speak with enthusiasm of the *divertissements*, of that "Swan" dance where she droops and crumples to soft music; but to-day the memory which clings has the wistful loveliness of a pale flower, the tender delicacy of a dream. Anna Pavlova in this impalpable garden of shadows—such a spell makes criticism tongue-tied. It is made for our wonder and delight. G. F. H.

### II.

#### "PRIMROSE," AT THE WINTER GARDEN.

WELCOME, "Primrose"! Welcome, Miss Margery Hicklin! Graceful, tall and fair, yet not too tall, with winning smile and captivating steps, with a

voice all music and eyes sparkling with vivacity, she is surely an ideal musical-comedy heroine. The sweet sentimental story—the stock story—got a new lease of life, for the youth and charm of her captured our hearts. She had a fine, manly lover, too, though he did write sentimental best-sellers, and Mr. Percy Heming sang many a hearty song with a vigour as breezy as a west wind. One of the musical hits of the evening was their tricky little fox-trot song, "Wait a Bit, Susie."

All the music is catchy and tuneful, and the four bathing girls gave a harmonious quartet that was as novel as it was delightful. Of course, it is the rippling fun that matters most, and Mr. Leslie Henson never fails to provide it. He gets ample opportunity. Can you imagine him as Mopham, whose ancestors came over with William the Conqueror—Mopham, always in scrapes, but hopelessly

there's no room for seriousness; and we can thank Mr. Grossmith for a sunshine programme that would cheer the heart of a grave-digger. G. F. H.

### III.

#### "THE SPORT OF KINGS," AT THE SAVOY.

NOW what is the kernel of success in this new "domestic comedy" at the Savoy? Mr. Ian Hay has hit on a good idea, though not a new one, for it is as old as Ben Jonson and as familiar as a Pinero farce. How different is the treatment! I see nothing peculiarly comic in side-whiskers, though they have become part of the furniture of the laughter-maker. There might have been a fine irony in the suggestion that the only followers of "The Sport of Kings" are vile-mannered flappers and loud young bounders whose only reading is pink literature on stable form. But there is no barbed satire in this armoury. The only weapons are a slap-stick and a dictaphone. He thumps us everywhere except the head. Give me the Toledo blade flashing an edge, the shrewd rapier thrust of wit, the penetrating ridicule. Give me the mercury of intellect, the supple badinage of quick minds, the exhilarating malice of the sarcastic retort. There is a tonic value in pungency, but the *gross rise* of Mr. Ian Hay is only exhausting. The idiom of the comic press is vivid but void. Think what an opportunity for satire this canting old Stiggins might have presented. Purdie is a Puritan and a parsimonious Philistine. He is intrigued into betting to pay his super-tax.

Alas! the baiting of the bully loses all its bite in an orgy of blatant din and costume. Character degenerates into crude caricature, and irony dons a cap with ass's ears.

Everybody laughed. A boisterous wind of hilarity swept the house. Why? The answer is Mr. Holman Clark. By sheer art he made this travesty of a J.P. bookmaker irresistible. To watch his face and listen to his chuckle is to see what an actor of gifts can do. Indeed, the whole company serve their author wonderfully well. Miss Mary Jerrold even managed to strike a note of pathos, and Miss Rosaline Courtneidge of romance, while the high spirits of Mr. Basil Foster infused a surprising amount of reality into his part. Mr. Frank Denton, his fellow-sportsman, seemed almost overwhelmed in the cataclysm.

Subtlety cannot loom in such a noisy fracas. The big fist is the only instrument, the coarse-grained phrase the only tongue. Mr. Hugh Wright did Trojan work as the canting butler, while Miss Ena Grossmith as a tomboy played with great heartiness. Yes; Mr. Hay gets his laugh—a big, continuous laugh. The box-office will be busy, but the kernel of success is not the salt in the humour. Perhaps it is the very lack of it. I wonder! At any rate, there is a surfeit of thumping high spirits. G. F. H.



THE DUCHESS OF PENNY AND DIANA: MISS LOTTIE VENNE AND MISS FAY COMPTON.

In the second act of "The Claimant," now running at the Queen's, there is a fancy dress ball in which Miss Fay Compton, whose name is Diana in the play, appears in Greek dress; while Miss Lottie Venne, who is the Duchess of Penny, is delightfully humorous in her costume of Britannia.—[Photographs by Stage Photo Co.]

entangled with Pinkie Peach, the beauty specialist? Whether he is opening a book on hats or posing as professor, he is "always a Mopham." His face and his legs are ever surprising us into a laugh, while his gay spirits and light-heartedness, his nimble wit and racy gags fill every moment with jollity. Miss Heather Thatcher makes a splendid comrade in this Sunshine Society. I would like to see her in pure comedy, for she can act really well; and though Pinkie is not so well served as Toby Mopham, Miss Thatcher gets every ounce of fun out of her, and, like Oliver, we ask for more. Such buoyancy and animation, such neat, intelligent strokes of caricature, such flashes of comic power, make the trite brilliantly trivial and the puerile vividly amusing. Mr. Claude Hulbert has a keen sense of humour, too, and is a clever eccentric dancer; and Mr. Thomas Weguelin, in ponderous proportions, is always ready to emphasise the merriment.

Pretty girls, pretty frocks, pretty scenes, pretty tunes, a fund of gay humours and infectious mirth—what more can you ask of musical comedy? "Primrose" is a flower of spring, of care-free, happy youth. It is a time for laughter and love—



## Plays of the Moment: No. XL. "Poppy."



AS POPPY: MISS ANNIE CROFT.

ONE SIDE  
PLAIN AND THE  
OTHER PLAITED:  
MISS LUELLA GEAR'S  
NEW COIFFURE.MR. EDDIE MORRIS AS MORTIMER POTTLE; MR. W. H. BERRY  
AS PROF. MCGARGLE; AND MR. R. SHARLAND AS WILLIAM.THE PROFESSOR AND THE AMERICAN LAWYER:  
MR. W. H. BERRY AND MR. EDDIE MORRIS.

The new musical play at the Gaiety, "Poppy," has come to us from America, and to the country of its origin it owes several of its most amusing characters, such as that of Professor Eustace McGargle (admirably played by W. H. Berry), who combines the selling of quack medicines

with card-sharpping; and of Mortimer Pottle, the American lawyer. Miss Annie Croft, in the name-part, has some songs to sing, which she does very sweetly; Miss Gear has a delightful dance with Mr. Morris, and her coiffure strikes quite an original note.

Photographs by Stage Photo. Co.



# Plays of the Moment: No. XL. "Poppy."

WITH HIS  
ADOPTED  
DAUGHTER:  
MR. W. H. BERRY  
AS PROFESSOR  
McGARGLE,  
AND MISS ANNIE  
CROFT  
AS POPPY.



"WHAT DO  
YOU DO SUNDAY,  
MARY?"  
MISS LUELLA  
GEAR  
AND MR. EDDIE  
MORRIS SINGING  
THE MOST  
POPULAR SONG  
OF THE PLAY;  
AND ONE OF  
THE DANCING  
QUARTET.



IN UNVICTORIAN PANTALETES: THE DANCING QUARTET IN "POPPY": (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) MISSES TERRI STORRI, VESTA SYLVA, MURIEL MONTROSE, AND CECILE MAULE-COLE.

The action of "Poppy" is supposed to take place in the 'seventies, which is a good excuse for the introduction of more or less Victorian costume. One of the best numbers in the play is the dance of Miss Luella Gear and Mr. Eddie Morris, aided by the dancing quartet in

pantalettes which would have made all good Victorians blush. During the dance the song that without doubt will be one of the "whistled" tunes of London, "What Do You Do Sunday, Mary?" is sung by Luella Gear and Eddie Morris.

*Photographs by Stage Photo. Co.*

# Lovers of the "Puszta": "Fata Morgana" and George.



AS THEY APPEAR IN THE GREAT "SEDUCTION" SCENE: MISS JEANNE DE CASALIS AND MR. TOM DOUGLAS.

"Fata Morgana" is a Hungarian play which has had a great success in America, which looks as though it will be repeated at the Ambassadors'. Miss Jeanne de Casalis plays the part of a beautiful married woman, Mathilde Fay, who comes to stay with some relations of her husband in the country. George, a young boy, falls in love with her, and she leads him on in a very realistic seduction scene. George believes that she intends to divorce her husband and marry him; but when the

husband does appear and tells her that he has just won a most important case (he is a lawyer), and that she can now go to Deauville, she quite forgets her love affair of the night before and is delighted at the prospect. The play is called "Fata Morgana" (mirage) because when Mathilde and George go for a walk on the *puszta* (the plain) they see a mirage of the sea. The curtain falls on the complete disillusionment of George and the departure of Mathilde and her husband.

Photograph by Sasha.



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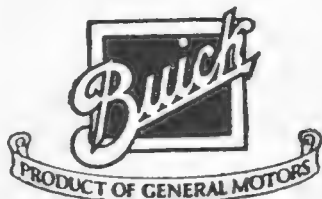
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# Films of the Moment: No. XXIV. "The Thief of Baghdad."



ON THE MAGIC CARPET : THE THIEF (MR. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS) AND THE PRINCESS (MISS JULANNE JOHNSTON) HEADING FOR THE LAND OF LOVE.



A VISION OF OLD BAGHDAD.



A LOVE SCENE BETWEEN THE PRINCESS AND THE THIEF.



A GARDEN IN OLD BAGHDAD : THE PRINCESS AND THE THIEF.

In Baghdad there lives a Thief who pursues his career of wickedness till, by the aid of a magic rope that he has stolen, he gets to the Caliph's treasure, and he sees the Princess in the Palace. He falls in love with her and stops his wicked ways. The Princess is wooed by three Princes; she sends them away, but agrees to marry the one who returns with the

rarest treasure. One of them, a Mongol Prince, plots to raise an army and capture Baghdad, and is successful in his design; but the Thief hears of this, and with his Magic Chest creates a vast army and recaptures the city. He and the Princess sail away on the Magic Rug to the Land of Love.

# Films of the Moment: No. XXIV. "The Thief of Baghdad."



"MISS TWO YELLOW WILLOWS," OTHERWISE ANNA MAY WONG, AS THE MONGOL SLAVE.

Perhaps the most striking figure (Douglas Fairbanks always, of course, excepted) in that elaborate production, "The Thief of Baghdad," which was announced for production at Drury Lane on Sept. 24, is the

Mongol Slave represented by the charming Chinese girl usually known as Anna May Wong. This delightful little lady has the Chinese name of Lew Wong Song, which, being translated, means "Two Yellow Willows."



57

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THE MONARCH OF THE GLEN

*Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A.*

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### DEWAR'S



# The Universal Game.

Lawn-Tennis Notes and Sketches by  
H. F. Crowther-Smith.

THE nurseries of this country—using the word to denote the place where young players are reared—yielded, on the whole, quite a promising amount of talent, which was put to the test recently on the hard courts of the All England Lawn-Tennis and Croquet Club. This was the first time that the junior championships of Great Britain have been held at this great Mecca of the game.

With regard to the boy's singles, there was never very much serious doubt that J. S. Olliff would come through as champion for 1924, and win the Lawn-Tennis Association and Norman Brookes challenge cups—not to mention the gold medal and replica of the Norman Brookes cup. But in the last four Pryce-Jones took the place of Higgins, who was expected by many of the critics to be a certain semi-finalist. Similarly, Catty proved many prophets to be wrong by entering the semi-final—the round which these experts had mentally reserved for the boy Callendar. And it was this same lad with the feline surname who alone, of all his opponents, took a set from Olliff in the penultimate round.

In the final between Olliff and Anderson there was only one boy in it—and it was not Anderson. Olliff never looked like losing the masterful hold which he laid on the match from the start. So little difficulty did the rather soft, bad-length returns of Anderson present to Olliff that he only allowed his opponent to take one game in the first set, and three in the second, and final, bout.

Turning to the girls' championship, there were many doubts (my own among them) that little Betty Nuthall would actually win the event. In the earlier rounds of the competition Miss Bennett's forceful game, her physical superiority, and speed about the court looked to be something more than the younger and smaller Betty could cope

with. Yet when these two met to play into the semi-final Miss Nuthall took both sets, 6-4, 6-1.

Even after this convincing proof of her prowess, some critics were not ready to write down Betty as the girl champion of 1924. Verena Maxwell's name was being mentioned as likely to threaten her supremacy. But Miss Dearman, last year's runner-up, rather decisively put a stop to any likelihood of this. So Betty and Miss Dearman met in the final, and last year's runner-up became this year's runner-up, and Betty emerged the winner. She had, however, no easy victory. In the first set she never settled down to her usual aggressive game. Her forehand drive was not working with its accustomed sting. Both as regards length and pace it was defective.

Miss Dearman, on the other hand, was placing her drives well, and putting plenty of power behind them. She fully deserved to take the first set at 6-4. Betty started the second set in far more convincing style, and led her opponent, 4-0. With such a substantial lead the set seemed assured. But Miss Dearman was not by any means done with, and she proceeded to annex four games in succession. Here, however, Betty made her effort,

each year she adds strength and variety to her strokes, if she can acquire and combine with the ability to produce strokes the tactical knowledge that must accompany them—then in a few years' time, having improved proportionately on the extraordinary form she shows to-day at thirteen, we shall have an English girl who will hold her own against all comers.

The same day that these youngsters were deciding the great issue as to the junior championships, the adult and more mature competitors were engaged in contending for the South of England honours at Devonshire Park, Eastbourne. Here, in the final of the men's singles, history acted up to its reputation and repeated itself. For Gordon Lowe, both last year and this, was one of the finalists; and the other, both last year and this, was of Indian nationality. Ramaswami beat him in 1923, and now Mohammed Sleem has been and gone and done it. Sleem seems to have left his success rather late in the season. This big win for him at Eastbourne has shown how utterly misleading previous results can be. Job defeated Spence here in a two-set match, 6-1, 6-2. The next round Sleem beats Job, 6-0, 6-1. Looking back to the middle of May (on hard courts at the Drive Club), Spence beat Sleem, 6-3, 6-4. And again, at Wimbledon, in the third round of the championship, Spence defeated Sleem with the loss of only one set. Gordon Lowe, up to the final, had been playing well. He seems to have lost to Sleem through trying to outwit the Indian's wile with something different from his own orthodox and steady methods.

All kinds of exaggerated opinions as to Sleem's uncanny power over the ball have been expressed. But given an opponent who refuses to listen to any ideas of hypnotic power—which some attribute to the All-India player—and a man with good stroke production (like Raymond or Gilbert), and the soft, Sleem-y returns will get the treatment they deserve.

Miss Harvey scored a well-deserved victory over Miss Holcroft (the holder) in the ladies' singles at Devonshire Park. The match was a very close one, nevertheless, but Miss Harvey owed her success to her ability to make use of a great deal more of the court than her opponent.

M. J. G. Ritchie scored yet another success by winning the veterans' singles. The announcement of Ritchie's victories becomes almost as regular as the wireless weather report: Further outlook, unsettled.



SUZANNE LENGLEN  
of the same age as  
BETTY NUTHALL,  
viz. 13.

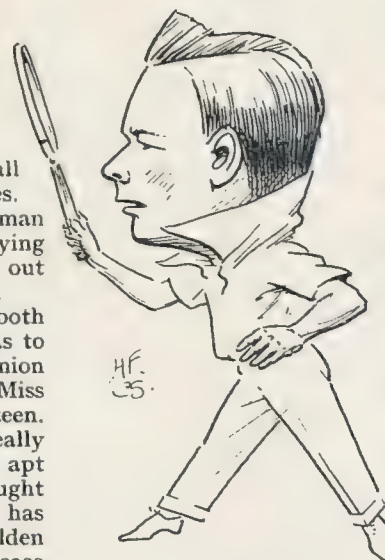


N. Q. DEED

and took the score to one set all by winning the next two games.

In the third set Miss Dearman seemed to tire, and Betty, playing better than at the start, ran out the winner by six games to one.

With regard to the future of both these young champions, one has to be very careful in giving an opinion—particularly in the case of Miss Nuthall, a child not yet fourteen. We are in such dire need of really great players that the wish is apt imprudently to beget the thought that every young player who has a fine forehand drive is a Tilden or Lenglen in embryo. In the case of Betty, one can safely say that for her age she is a marvel. If



J. S. OLLIFF, winner of  
JUNIOR SINGLES  
CHAMPIONSHIP.



BETTY NUTHALL,  
GIRL CHAMPION AT 13



A DRIVE CLUB  
UMPIRE.





## Slow Golfers.

By R. Endersby Howard.



### Strong Measures.

I have been reading in the *New York Golf Illustrated* of an "extraordinary and most regrettable incident in which Senator Joseph P. Robinson, of Arkansas, Democratic Leader in the Senate, and one of the nominees for President in the recent Democratic Convention, is alleged to have struck a fellow-golfer, Dr. Joseph F. Mitchell, of Washington, on the links of the Chevy Chase Club, and for which the Senator was subsequently expelled from the club." The journal goes



AT NORTH BERWICK: MRS. FREDDIE GRAHAME MENZIES.

on to state that, "according to the information at our disposal, Senator Robinson was playing in a foursome, and Dr. Mitchell in a threesome that followed. Efforts on the part of the threesome to pass the foursome were fruitless, until finally the foursome lost a ball, which they were unable to find in time to prevent the oncoming players from passing. Sarcastic remarks passed from one to the other as the threesome passed through. Finally, it is alleged, a remark from Dr. Mitchell caused the outburst and attack from the Arkansas Senator."

### The Park-Keeper Makes Peace.

With the merits—or demerits—of this affair we have no particular concern, although it is rather distressing to learn from the same journal that slow players who insist on retaining their position, no matter what inconvenience it causes to others, are more frequent than ever in America, and are causing golf to suffer "a great deal of distasteful notoriety." Things are certainly not quite so bad as that here, but people who hold up the course and do everything possible to prevent those behind from going through exist in numbers sufficiently large to present a problem.

Fisticuffs are not to be recommended as a solution to the question, because the very slow player—the creator of all the bother—may possess the stronger right and the straighter left, and it would be very unsatisfactory to have to go on trailing after him with two black eyes as well as the original grievance. I have heard of many fierce looks, muttered imprecations, and shots deliberately driven past the laggards ahead just as they wrapped themselves in the solemnity of addressing the ball, but never a fracas. Perhaps the nearest approach happened on a course part of which is laid out on common land. The frequently delayed couple behind had at length been moved to play their approach shots to a green even while the pair in front were still putting on it. Discussion as to who should hole out first was just becoming very animated when a ranger or park-keeper—who knew nothing about the game—appeared on the scene and announced his intention of preserving order by confiscating all the balls, which he did.

### Legal Limits in Loitering.

The rule on the subject is definite. It says that if a match fail to keep its place on the green, and lose in distance more than one clear hole on the players in front, it may be passed, on request being made. On a crowded course, the people whose ways are chequered and slow do not like being passed, because they know that the difficulty will be for them to get in again, with a stream of golfing humanity pressing forward from behind. They will speed up temporarily when their gifts of telepathy and powers of observation convince them that a protest from the rear is imminent, and then—satisfied that the storm has blown over—they will slow down again. It is worth while remembering, however, that they keep their place legally on the green until they lose one clear hole on the couple in front. The request to pass is made often before that happens. At the same time, even the loiterers of the links have their rights.

### Silent Sufferers.

I daresay that a good deal of the heartburning caused by slow players arises from the fact that many golfers are too modest or too good-tempered to ask to be allowed to pass. I remember an open championship a few years ago in which an amateur had lost the distance of four holes on the couple ahead before they reached the end of the round. He was so absorbed in his own game (and he happened to be playing particularly well) that he did not notice the congestion he was causing behind, and the players in his immediate wake would not request him to let them go through. In a championship it might be a good idea for stewards to put the rule into operation without the players being obliged to raise the point. It is an unsatisfactory feature of big stroke events that a competitor who is struggling near the end to do a certain score to win, and who knows just what he has to do, may be delayed before every shot. It is refined torture to one who is wound up to the highest pitch of endeavour; several famous players have told me that their concentration has broken down under the strain.

### Links Policemen.

For originality in connection with this problem, the golf executive at Pinehurst, in North Carolina, deserve first prize. A few

years ago, they fixed upon a schedule showing how long it should take a match to get round the course, the total time being allotted in six periods, each covering three holes. These data were obtained by timing golfers of normal playing pace. As each match left the first teeing ground, it was handed a card showing the precise hour at which it had started. "Links policemen," as they were called, patrolled the course, and were empowered to call for the production of this card anywhere. If they found that the players had taken too long to reach a certain point, they could either enjoin the delinquents to speed up or, in extreme cases, order them to retire from the course. It must be terrible to have to hole a four-foot putt for a half when you know that the links policeman has his watch as well as his eye on you.

### Obstinacy.

What is to be done in the case of the slow players who refuse to be passed? One point which the Rules Committee has established definitely is that nobody is entitled to disregard that clause in the etiquette of golf which says that nobody shall drive until the party in front are out of range, nor play up to the putting green until the party in front have holed out and moved away. The Bedford Club once asked if it is permissible in the case of two players who have lost their place on the green, and who refuse to let the following couple go



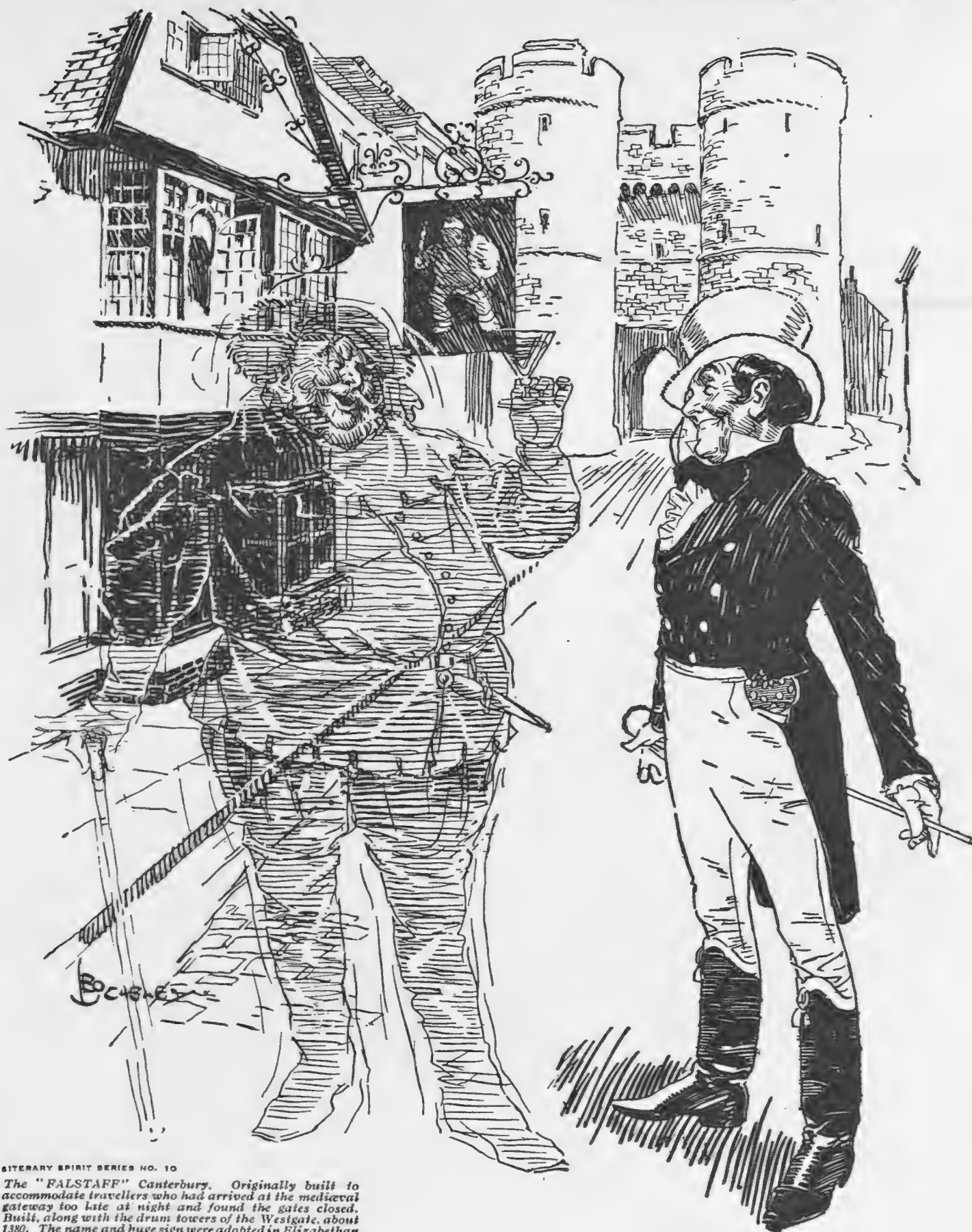
AT NORTH BERWICK: THE COUNTESS OF HARDWICKE AND HER DAUGHTER, LADY ELIZABETH YORKE.

Lady Hardwicke was married in 1911, and is the daughter of the late James Russell, of Auckland, New Zealand. Lady Elizabeth Yorke is her only daughter.—[Photographs by Balmain.]

through, for the following couple to drive into them in the attempt to pass. The answer was "No," and that the obstinate people should be reported so that they could be dealt with by the committee in charge of the green. Dealing with them is perhaps the real problem.



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Four years of continuous study and experiment have brought this great work to a close. This child of one of the finest engineering brains in the world has at last taken shape. To Maxwell-Chrysler Motors Ltd. falls the honour of introducing the remarkable new car to the motoring public

Some interesting facts concerning the new car will be disclosed in an interview with Mr. Chrysler to be printed in next week's issue





# The Literary Lounger. By Keble Howard.

"The Boy in the Bush." Mr. D. H. Lawrence has taken unto himself a collaborator, one M. L. Skinner. I do not know, of course, who M. L. Skinner may be. There are in existence, so far as my knowledge goes, no previous works of M. L. Skinner. It may be a gentleman or it may be a lady. I rather suspect it of being a lady, and you will perhaps come to the same conclusion when you have read this book.

I am taking it for granted, you see, that you will read it. I shall be sorry for you if



A FREQUENT CONTRIBUTOR TO "THE SKETCH": MISS G. B. STERN.

Miss Stern, who in private life is Mrs. Holdsworth, has just written another novel, entitled "Tents of Israel," which is a most fascinating chronicle of several generations of Jews, starting in Salzburg in the time of Napoleon, and ending in our days.

Photograph by Yevonde.

you don't. More, I shall feel personally aggrieved, because I have done my best for some time past to serve you faithfully, and I know that I have put you on the track of some very good books.

This is one of the books that I shall remember. I shall probably annoy those of my readers who let it go by unread by referring to it whenever the question of a good novel crops up. In plain English, it is much more than a good novel. It is a remarkably fine work—tremendously red-blooded and virile, tender at times, and soaked and steeped and soused with Australian "atmosphere." You don't need to visit the "bush" if you will only read this book. Lawrence and Skinner will teach you far more about the "bush" than you could learn for yourself in ten years. I have never been in the "bush," or even in Australia at all (I wish I had), but I am quite certain that here is a great and a worthy picture which Australians will acknowledge as "the goods."

**The Boy.** The boy of the story is an English boy. He comes to Australia because England could not hold him. His main pleasure in life was

fighting, and his "people" did not look with favour on that. They did not much care about a career as a prize-fighter for their son. I don't know why. If money is any object—and we may as well admit it is in these days with most people—there are few easier and quicker ways of making money than by knocking gentlemen senseless at the Albert Hall. Dempsey can make more money in ten minutes than William Shakespeare made in the whole of his little career. Which shows you how brain has triumphed over brawn, and what a long way we have travelled from Man as a Primitive Animal.

Anyway, there it was. His people did not wish this boy to fight for a living in England, so he went to Australia and fought for a living in the bush. And he began by getting some good advice from a certain Mr. George:

"This is a great big country, where an honest man can go his own way into the back of beyond, if he likes. But the minute he begins to go crooked, or slack, the country breaks him. It breaks him, and he's neither fit for god nor man any more. You beware of this country, my boy, and don't try to play larks with it. It's all right playing a prank on an old fossil of a fool out there in England. They need a few pranks played on them, they do. But out here—no! Keep all your strength and all your wit to fight the bush. It's a great big country. And it needs men—men, not wasters. It's a great big country and it wants men. You can go your way and do what you want: take up land, go on a sheep station, lumber, or try the gold-fields. But whatever you do, live up to your fate like a man. And keep square with yourself. Never mind other people. But keep square with yourself."

Jack, staring out of the window, saw miles of dull dark-green scrub spreading away on every side to a bright sky-line. He could hear his mother's voice:

"Earn a good opinion of yourself and never mind the world's opinion. You know when there's the right glow inside you. That's the spirit of God inside you."

Fine. The words fascinated Jack, which showed that Jack was made of the right stuff. A very fine dozen of words to give to a boy who is off to face the world. And you will come across lots of things as good as that in this very excellent story.

## The Australian Boy.

Presently another boy comes into the picture. This is a boy named Len, and I beg leave to tell you that Len is a great creation in fiction. Jack had never met a boy like Len, and I have never met one, either, but that does not make Len unreal. I believe in Len. I am sure he is drawn by the pen—or the pens—of a master.

"To Jack, fresh from an English public school, Len was amazing. If he hurt himself sharply, he sat and cried for a minute or two. Tears came straight out, as if smitten from a rock. If he read a piece of sorrowful poetry, he just sat and cried, wiping his eyes on his arm without heeding anybody. He was greedy, and when he wanted to, he ate enormously, in front of

grown-up people. And yet you never minded. He talked poetry, or raggy bits of Latin, with great sententiousness, and in the most awful accent, and without a qualm. Everything he did was right in his own eyes. Perfectly right in his own eyes.

"His mother was fascinated by him.

"Three things he did well: he rode, bare-back, standing up, lying down, anyhow. He rode like a circus rider. Also he boasted—heavens high. And thirdly, he could laugh. There was something so sudden, so blithe, so impish, so daring, and so wistful in his lit-up face when he laughed, that your heart melted in you like a drop of water."

## The Australian Girl.

Wel, well, well. It is quite time we came to a girl. You don't suppose a fellow like Jack was going to plunge about in Australia without having a devil of a lot of trouble with girls, do you? Of course he had. It was inevitable. There was one called Monica. From the very moment they meet—which is the precise moment when trouble of this sort invariably starts—you know he is going to have trouble with Monica. It was the way she looked at him. It always is.

"She looked at him strangely, then rose in her abrupt fashion. She followed him across the yard in silence, while he felt the curious sense of doom settling down on him.

"He sat down on the step of the back-door of the barn, outside, looking southward



THE AUTHOR OF "UNKNOWN TRIBES AND UNCHARTED SEAS": LADY RICHMOND BROWN.

"Unknown Tribes and Uncharted Seas" is Lady Richmond Brown's account of her expedition to Central America, which she shared with Mr. F. A. Mitchell Hedges. She had all kinds of exciting experiences, especially in the Caribbean Sea among the San Blas Indians, and the Chucunaque.

Photograph by Vandyk.

into the vast, rapidly darkening country, and glanced up at her. She, rather petulantly, sat down beside him. He felt for her cool slip of a hand, and she let it lie in his hot one. But she averted her face.

"Why don't you like me?" she asked petulantly.

[Continued overleaf]

*Continued.*

"But I love you," he said thickly, with shame and a sense of doom piercing his heart.

"She turned swiftly and stared him in the face with a brilliant, oddly triumphant look.

"Sure?" she said.

"His heart seemed to go black with doom. But he turned away his face from her glowing eyes, and put his arm round her waist, and drew her to him. His whole body was trembling like a taut string, and she could feel the painful plunging of his heart as he pressed her fast against him, pressed the breath out of her.

"Monica!" he murmured blindly, in pain, like a man who is in the dark.

"What?" she said softly.

"He hid his face against her shoulder, in the shame and anguish of desire. He would have given anything, if this need never have come upon him. But the strange fine quivering of his body thrilled her. She put her cheek down caressingly against his hair. She could be very tender, very, very tender and caressing. And he grew quieter.

"He looked up at the night again, hot with pain and doom and necessity. It had grown quite dark, the stars were out.

"I suppose we shall have to be married," he said in a dismal voice.

At which, of course, the girl laughed. Poor old Jack! If this little scene in the barn-yard had been all!

#### The Fight.

There is a villain in this good tale. His name is Easu—not Esau—and he is indeed a dirty dog. He bullies Monica, and so Jack hits him in the jaw, as a gentleman should. All very proper and correct. Unfortunately, Easu is much heavier than Jack, older, tougher, and a quite unscrupulous fighter.

"Foul! He's winded! Foul!" yelled someone from the bushes. "Time!"

"Not for mine," roared Easu.

"He sprang, and dashed at his gasping, gulping adversary, whirling his arms like iron piston-rods. Jack dodged the propelled whirl, but stumbled over one of the big feet stuck out to trip him. Easu hit as he fell, and swung a crashing left-right about the sinking, unprotected head. And when Jack was down, kicked the prostrate body in an orgasm of fury."

You might suppose that Jack, foul or no foul, had lost the fight. Not a bit of it.

"Jack was softly swaying. Easu shaped up and waited. And suddenly Jack sprang, with all the weight of his nine stone behind him, and all the mystery of his soul's deadly will, and planted a blow on Easu's astonished chin with his granite right fist. Before there was any recovery he got in a second blow, and it was a knockout. Easu crashed and Jack crashed after him, and both lay still."

Jack had won that little dust-up.

**Development.** The time has now come for Jack to develop, so off he goes for a couple of years' adventure in the wilds of Australia. It is during this two years that he gets definite notions about the married state. He realises, quite clearly, that he must have two wives. Other men

might manage well enough with one, but one wife was useless to Jack.

Besides, he knew the two he wanted. Monica, of course, was one; and the other was Mary, a cousin—if I remember rightly—of Monica. You have met Monica. Mary was a different sort of girl—almost, but not



ENGAGED TO MR. W. B. L. MANLEY: LADY KATHERINE CARNEGIE.

Lady Katherine Carnegie, whose engagement to Mr. Manley was announced recently, is the only daughter of the late Earl of Northesk, and Elizabeth Countess of Northesk, and sister of the present holder of the title. Mr. W. B. L. Manley is in the Grenadier Guards, and is the elder son of Major and Mrs. W. E. Manley, of 62, Albert Hall Mansions.

*Photograph by Swaine.*



WITH THEIR GUARD-OF-HONOUR: MR. AND MRS. GILBERT GREENALL.

The marriage of Mr. Gilbert Greenall, elder son of Sir Gilbert and Lady Greenall, and Miss Betty Crawford, elder daughter of Mrs. Crawford, took place at Hanover Square last week. Mr. Edward Greenall was the best man, and there was a guard of honour of N.C.O.s and troopers of the 1st and 2nd Life Guards. The bride was given away by Sir Alexander Walker, and Miss Anne Paget was train-bearer.—[*Photograph by L.N.A.*]

quite, the sort of girl that her name would lead you to expect.

"But since I refuse the sin business," he reflects, with the bitterness of undigested experience, "and I never go down on my knees, and since I say that my way is better than theirs, and that I should have my two

wives, and both of them know that it is an honour for them to be taken by me, an honour for them to be put into my house and acknowledged there, they would like to kill me. It is I who must grovel, I who must submit to judgment. If I would but submit to their judgment, I could do all the wicked things I like, and they would only love me better. But since I will never submit to them, they would like to destroy me off the face of the earth, like a rattlesnake."

Perhaps, after all, I am wrong about the sex of M. L. Skinner.

**"The Little French Girl."** It is rather difficult to switch one's mind off

such a swirling, disturbing, virile, open-air affair as "The Boy in the Bush," and attune it to the gentle melody in a minor key of "The Little French Girl."

That this new story by Anne Douglas Sedgwick is written with charm and distinction goes without saying, and there will be many readers to follow with interest and sympathy the fortunes of the little girl, daughter of a French lady with a past and an English officer killed in the war.

Most of us, I suppose, can remember the days when you were a very great criminal indeed if you were born out of wedlock. True, you had no say in the matter, but respectable people in this country could not possibly know you; and as for allowing a son or daughter to form an alliance with you—my hat!

All that nonsense, of course, is as dead as a doornail, largely owing to the very war which brought the little French girl to England. Still, the English mind moves very slowly in some matters, and so the little French girl, about whose birth there was some awful doubt, discovered.

**"Jungle-Born."** Rudyard Kipling invented Mowgli, and we all loved Mowgli. Next came Tarzan, of whom I have not yet had the pleasure of reading. Now comes Nanga, the naked one.

When Nanga was a baby, his father and mother were killed and eaten by a "denizen of the jungle," and Nanga was suckled and brought up by an ape.

Now we are well away. Now we know the meaning of the picture on the dust-cover, which shows a long, lean brown youth with matted hair, hanging, head downwards, by his toes from a huge boulder, about to stab a leopard or a tiger or something of that sort which is passing gently underneath. The leopard has presumably lost its sense of smell, for, though within a couple of feet of the youth, it is blandly unaware of his presence.

One success always brings forth other stories of the same school. I daresay the public will never tire

of these jungle-born gentlemen—especially when they fall in love!

*The Boy in the Bush.* By D. H. Lawrence and M. L. Skinner. (Secker; 7s. 6d. net.)

*The Little French Girl.* By Anne Douglas Sedgwick. (Constable; 7s. 6d. net.)

*Jungle-Born.* By John Eyton. (Arrowsmith; 7s. 6d. net.)



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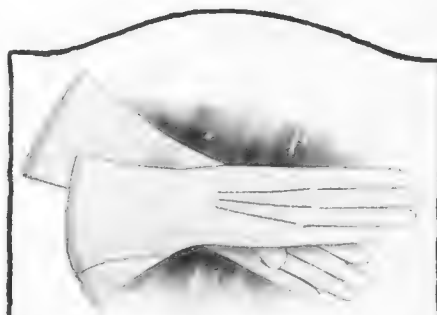
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The woman of taste trusts to one glover only to portray the character of her hands. Their personality, she knows, will be accurately portrayed by Dent's Gloves.

For over 200 years now, Dents have been giving character to hands by the cut of their gloves; and to-day these gloves of long and famous ancestry are still ever in the vanguard of Fashion. Designed to accentuate the taper of slender



*The smart, tapering lines of this 5" Chellenham Gauntlet are reproduced in a large variety of beautiful skins of different colours, all with elastic wrist and side gusset. For wintry days there are cosy fur-lined models.*

fingers, the flexibility of a palm, and the narrowness of a wrist, Dent's Gloves enhance the grace and beauty of every hand that wears them.

Pay a tribute to your hands by dressing them in Dent's Gloves chosen from the fascinating selection that any good draper or glover will show you. They are distinguished by the word Dent's within the wrist, or by the "D" on the button. This is your promise of a good glove at a reasonable price.

# DENT'S GLOVES



# WOMAN'S WAYS. By MABEL HOWARD.



Soft green felt with touches of nigger expresses this becoming hat from Woolland Bros.

## Stage Fashions for Winter Abroad.

There is a delightful atmosphere of sunshine and fine weather in "Primrose," at the Winter Garden Theatre, and if you are one of those fortunate people who contemplate wintering in South Africa, or some-

where with an equally kind temperature, you must certainly pay "Primrose" an early visit. For there you will see numbers of charming little frocks which are ideal for the South this season. In the first act, a riverside scene, Miss Margery Hicklin wears the simplest of frocks, in lilac crêpe-de-Chine, to which deft hands have added a posy of clematis on one shoulder, a stamped leather belt in artistic colourings, and a row of shell-pink buttons on the skirt. Her friends are dressed in airy little frocks of crêpe-de-Chine and georgette—very short, to contrast with the length of their scarves. One distinctive three-piece suit has the plain top in primrose yellow, and the plissé skirt and shoulder cape in striking yellow plaid introducing broad stripes of nigger. A long scarf of nigger and a tiny felt hat to match complete the picture. Miss Heather Thatcher arrives in a toilette which is quite irresistible. Her long, straight coat is of nut-brown velour, and from the waist downwards is carried out in broderie anglaise, boldly revealing a vivid scarlet lining. The large cuffs and collar are formed by sweeping coq feathers blending many shades of brown. Underneath is disclosed a diminutive frock in



Woolland Bros. have chosen deep chocolate fox to border this fascinating coat of old-world tapestry brocade boasting a quilted lining.

Underneath is disclosed a diminutive frock in

scarlet plissé georgette, encircled at the hips with a deep band of gold-and-green brocade and completed with a line of tiny gold buttons running from neck to hem.

## An Eton Collar and Cuffs.

In the second act Miss Thatcher is still faithful to the simple frock and many buttons. Wrapped first in a long white coat with a shoulder cape lined with green, and a gay green scarf, she soon discards this, showing an amusingly boyish affair in jade and white plaid crêpe-de-Chine. The frock is perfectly plain, save for an opening each side outlined with tiny pearl buttons revealing a plissé white underskirt bordered with green. The touch of *chic*, however, lies in the real Eton collar and cuffs, which are carried out in shiny white ciré. The tie (for of course there is a tie) is pierced by a diamond



Stone-coloured cloth brocade in white, bordered with phami fur, makes this unusual little coat from Woolland Brothers, Knightsbridge, S.W.

tie-pin at just the right angle! Miss Hicklin's frock of white crêpe-de-Chine, with its very tight bodice and full skirt, introducing side panels in pale fuchsia colourings, is an admirable contrast to this entrancing school-boy fashion.

## A Cloak Lined with Rose-Leaves.

The sudden transportation of the entire party to "Somewhere in France" is indeed providential, for it gives us an opportunity of seeing several wonderful evening cloaks. One is of black velvet lined with masses of rose-leaves in crimson chiffon velvet, and with it is worn a short black frock with shoulder straps and embroidered motifs of crystal and diamanté. Another cloak of deep-cerise chiffon is lined with shimmering silver tissue and bordered with chinchilla. But most beautiful of all, I think, is the slender frock and cloak of gold tissue innocent of all decoration other than a bolster collar of magnificent roses completing the cloak.

## Coats Trimmed with Lynx and Chocolate Fox.

Meanwhile, on the stage of fashion, the scene which depicts the new autumn coats introduces many surprises. Coats which are tight and straight as an arrow at the back suddenly merge into swinging godet flounces in front, heavily bordered with fur. Some



The new swinging flare is introduced by Woolland Bros. in this graceful coat of black face-cloth trimmed with lynx-hair fur.

models keep rigorously to an unbroken, vertical line; but, straight or flaring, they are alike in their invariable trimming of fur. Pictured on this page are a trio of fascinating models I saw recently in the salons of Woolland Brothers, Knightsbridge, S.W. The fashionable flare is introduced in the black face-cloth coat bordered with lynx-hair fur above; and the straight coat of old tapestry brocade on the left is trimmed with the new chocolate-coloured fox. A novel feature is the quilted lining, which renders it delightfully warm on chilly days. In the centre is an effective little coat in stone-coloured cloth brocaded in white. It is trimmed with phami fur.

## Wraps and Hats for all Occasions.

I saw a multitude of attractive wrap coats at Woolland's which are suitable for town and country alike. Straight wrap-over coats in soft Indian cashmere, trimmed with hare and lined with crêpe-de-Chine panelled with gold braid, can be obtained for 9½ guineas; and warm coats of the new cut velour, which has the appearance of tiny pin stripes, range from 12 guineas, trimmed with fur. Coats in plain velour, perfectly cut and completed with deep fur collars, are only 7 guineas; and for travelling, nothing could be more inviting than the fleecy tweed coats in checks innumerable, fashioned with large scarf collars. They are obtainable for 8 guineas. In the domain of hats, too, Woolland's are always distinctive. The becoming felt pictured at the top of this page is in almond green with deft touches of nigger, and the *chic* toque worn with the tapestry coat is carried out in black hatter's plush adorned with petersham ribbon in black and old gold. There is a bewildering diversity of the fashionable felts, ranging from 3 guineas upwards.

(Continued overleaf.)

# WOMAN'S WAYS. By Mabel Howard. Continued.

## New Hats for Old.

Aladdin's lamp performed no greater miracles than does the wonderful Franco-Barbe system of dyeing and cleaning at the Castlebank Dyeworks, Anniesland, Glasgow. Think for a moment before discarding battered hats, frocks, and suits. You have only to send them to Castlebank for six or seven days, and they return transformed; the hats can even be remodelled to new and fashionable shapes! Felts dyed and remodelled cost from 3s. 9d., and coats and skirts range from 12s. 6d. The charges are proportionately moderate for every article, great or small, and any of the lovely new autumn tints may be chosen. Readers should apply for the "Fleur-de-Lys Magazine Price List" and a leaflet illustrating the new shapes to which hats may be remodelled. And, by the way, all parents should note that every copy of "Fleur-de-Lys" contains particulars of a delightful painting competition for the kiddies, with prizes innumerable—and no entrance fees. There is a picture enclosed which simply asks to be painted with every gay colour imaginable.

## An Interesting Dress Parade.

It is impossible to do justice to the many fascinating toilettes shown at the dress parade at Mme. Barri's, 33, New Bond Street, W., for their exquisite colourings and designs need to be seen to be appreciated. One lovely evening frock of sea-green chiffon shaded from the palest jade to deep emerald was embroidered with foam-like crystals, and a wide scarf was deftly attached just under the chin like a nun's robe. In complete contrast came a long straight tunic and pleated skirt of silver tissue bordered with appliquéd chrysanthemums of chiffon velvet. It was completed with a long scarf decorated in the same way and edged with fur. A graceful afternoon frock was expressed in oyster satin beauté, cut perfectly straight and fluted slightly at the knees to allow the necessary fullness. From the neck swung two long shaded tassels

reaching almost to the knees. Mme. Barri also showed some delightful winter sports outfits, comprising a sweater, scarf, cap, and neat knee-breeches in soft fleecy wool. One

with most schoolgirls. But the growing girl can appear delightfully trim and well groomed if she wears clothes correctly designed to minimise any angularities and accentuate the youthful line. Such is the object achieved by the girls' outfitting department at Harrods, Knightsbridge, S.W., where experts have studied the hundred-and-one little problems centring round the schoolgirl's equipment. Suggestions for single suits or complete outfits for school, home, or abroad will be gladly given, and an interesting little brochure sent gratis and post free to all who mention the name of this paper. It includes a well-cut coat of cheviot blanket cloth for 52s. 6d., and a neat little frock in navy serge with practical side pleats and pockets for 45s. 6d. Charming semi-evening frocks in figured taffeta, with petalled skirts and tiny sleeves, can be secured for 84s. in lovely shades of peach, lilac, and delphinium. Well-built shoes are, of course, essential; and one-bar models in strong tan willow calf can be obtained for 17s. 9d., and bronze kid dancing shoes for 11s. 9d.

## Shawls and Scarves.

At a theatre or restaurant one notices immediately the lovely embroidered shawls which fortunate possessors drape so gracefully over filmy evening frocks. To the skilful needlewoman I offer excellent news, for I see that the current issue of that useful monthly, the *Needlewoman* (price fourpence), is devoted to beautiful shawls and how to make them. The "Flame Rose Shawl," striking Spanish shawls, and charming old-world affairs embroidered with wild-flowers are but a few of the alluring contents, with which full directions are given. With their aid, lovely shawls, usually ranging from 10 guineas upwards, can be obtained for about 30s.

## The Virtues of Celes.

The splendid qualities of Celes silk are a byword in every family. I know from personal experience that no amount of washing and strenuous wear will spoil its smooth, silky surface, while it enjoys a marvellously long life. Consequently, Celes is an ideal fabric for the many tailored shirt blouses which the well-groomed woman wears with tailored coats and skirts. These shirt blouses are obtainable everywhere in several new designs, two of which are pictured on this page. The straight, beltless affair on the left is particularly distinctive, worn with a straight, well-cut suit; and the second model is destined for sports, allowing complete freedom of movement to the most expert golfer. Not the least of the virtues which must be claimed by Celes is the fact that it is entirely of British manufacture—a point to be noted in a year devoted to the upholding of British goods throughout the Empire.

## Outfits for the Growing Girl.

To critical uncles and aunts "the awkward age" of lanky legs and short skirts seems to last an alarmingly long time



One has only to choose several of the new autumn shades, and the Franco-Barbe dyeing and cleaning system at the Castlebank Works, Anniesland, Glasgow, will transform the oldest clothes into fashionable new models.



Plissé chiffon and lace in a pale coffee nuance over coral tissue expresses this charming frock from Mme. Barri's, 33, New Bond Street, W., completed with a spray of lovely roses.



Two of the new Celes shirts which will find a place in the wardrobe of every well-dressed woman. The beltless model is in blue faced with white, and the other in broad aub and white stripes.



# D O N ' T A R G U E



DO MEN select shoes by the reason, and women by the eye? Many men privately think so, but only an unwise man would say so. It might lead to one of those arguments!

THERE'S a better method than arguing. It's the Lotus and Delta plan. Let the man have his sensible shoes; shoes that he calls shoes. Then add to their substance character of shape and line. And the woman? Let her shoes be a joy to her vanity. And, when she isn't looking, add the comfort of a perfect fit.

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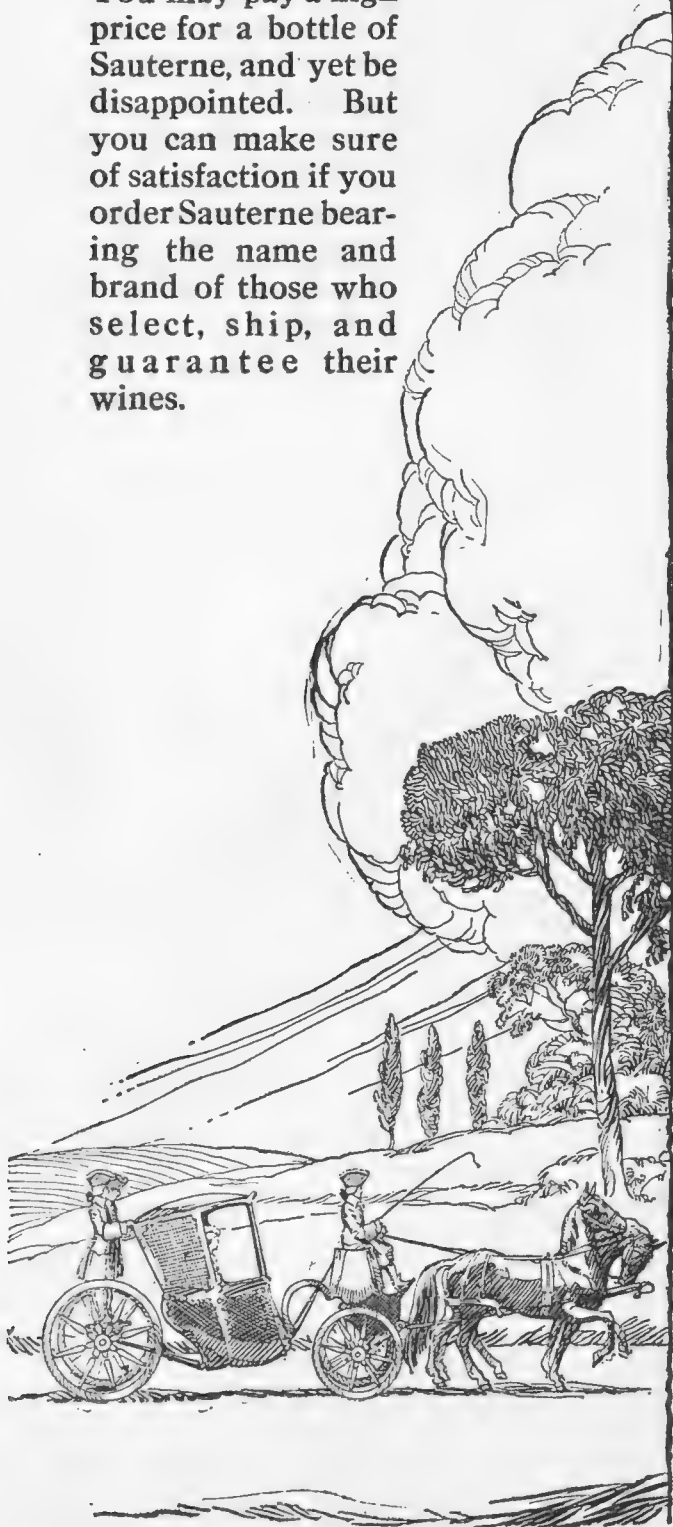
AGENTS EVERYWHERE

# Notes on choosing a Wine



## Sauterne

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Order "Big Tree" Sauterne. Grierson's great business enables them to select fine growths of wine in good years, and thereby avoid the growths of poorer years. They ship the wine from France, mature it in their vast cellars, and bottle it only after the Directors themselves have tasted it most critically.

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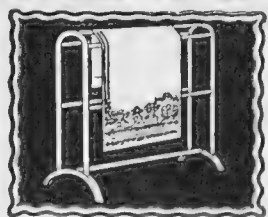
You are invited to judge "Big Tree" Sauterne without obligation. Write "Sauterne" on your visiting card, and post to the address below. A half-bottle will be sent you with Grierson's compliments.

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20 x 30 ins. Doz. 47/6 51/-  
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**LINEN TABLE CLOTHS.** **LINEN NAPKINS TO MATCH**  
2 x 2 yards. .. Each 22/9 22 x 22 ins. .. Dozen 26/9  
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Lot 18. Hemstitched Linen Huckaback Face Towels, excellent quality. 22 x 38 ins. Sale Price per dozen, 42/-

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48 x 72 ins. 9/9, 16/11, 19/6  
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# NICOLL'S of REGENT STREET



## NICOLL RIDING HABITS

In the 'Field' a cursory glance suffices to determine whether a riding habit is a creation of consummate skill, or an attempt of bungling incompetence.

### THE CORRECT HABIT

displays the figure with artistic grace by its perfect construction, which none but the experienced master tailor can hope to achieve.

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have been making habits for the firm for years past; they have the experience which is needed and are supplied with the best materials.

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for habits are very reasonable, founded as they are on rich materials, worked by men long tried and experts in the art of making the perfect riding habit.

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'DESMOND.' Charming Gown in heavy quality Silk Marocain. The skirt has a pleated panel back and front, and is ornamented at the low waist-line with a handsome piece of embroidery in colours and gold thread. Finished with a novel tassel, which conceals powder, puff, etc. The straight, well-balanced bodice is becoming to all figures. In Black and Navy.

**7½ Gns.**

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PICCADILLY CIRCUS W.1

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Ladies are invited to visit the Ladies' and Children's Hairdressing Department,

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Special attention is also given to Children's Hair Culture.

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THIS becoming Coiffure can be arranged to suit individual requirements, and is made in:

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Only the highest quality European Hair is used in the manufacture of our hair work, and is selected and made up under the personal supervision of our expert.

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CURE 4/6 a tin at all chemists.

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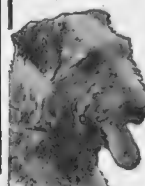
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OVER ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF HAT MAKING



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A particularly attractive shape of finest quality Fur Felt in 22 of this season's shades. Size 6½ to 7½ Price **30/-**

Look inside the Hat for the Registered Trade Marks.  
A selection of Hats will be sent on approval

*Nesto* *Henry Heath*

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*of Knightsbridge*



**DISTINCTIVE FURS**  
*of Reliable Quality*

Made from carefully selected skins in the most becoming shapes by highly skilled furriers.

Short Coat of Nutria, made from selected skins of finest quality and colour.

**59 Gns.**

**FURS AT SUMMER PRICES**  
Our varied stock of high-class furs and fur coats, which includes the new winter models, will be sold at special summer prices until the end of September. Any purchase made now will be stored free of charge until required.

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1.

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Especially designed to create proper balance for the figure through changing proportions, and to give the necessary expansion without removal of any fastening.

SEPARATE CATALOGUES are issued for MATERNITY GOWNS, LITTLE ONES' CLOTHES, COTS, etc., also GOWNS FOR ORDINARY WEAR.  
Kindly apply for any of interest to you.

Personal and interested attention is given to ladies unable to pay a visit, and patterns, estimates, or suggestions to meet individual requirements are gladly sent with special measurement form on application.



Beechwood brown crepe is faintly patterned in this dainty and useful frock.  
**14 Gns.**

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729. Ready-to-wear Hat in fine quality Felt, good fitting. In grey, brown, henna, red, sand or black - - **38/-**



724. Graceful Matron's Dress of Silk Marocain with fringe and light georgette vest. In sizes W. and O.S. Colours: black, golden, blue, grey - **98/-**

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*Hats and Gowns are not sent on approval*

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*Inexpensive  
Salon  
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## A New AUTUMN GOWN

"YVETTE"  
Charming Evening Gown for young ladies in pleated Georgette, lined silk, with lace yoke in silver or gold to tone, and band of Fur at edge of skirt in a contrasting shade. In Jade, Cyclamen, Hyacinth, Peach, Ivory and Black. **6 GNS.**

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Intending purchasers are strongly advised to inspect our stock before coming to a final decision. Practically every garment that we offer for sale is worked on the premises by our own highly-skilled furriers from carefully selected skins. By handling the skins from the raw state up to the finished article we detect and reject all inferior skins, and at the same time eliminate all intermediate profits, and therefore claim, with the utmost confidence, that the values that we offer are absolutely unbeatable. The shape illustrated is an exclusive design prepared for the forthcoming season.

SMART FUR WRAP (as sketch), worked from selected British moleskins, and cut on new lines; lined self-flowered crêpe-de-Chine. A most becoming garment.

PRICE

**79 Gns.**

**Debenham & Freebody**  
(INCORPORATED)

Wigmore Street.  
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*Sent on approval.*



# Inexpensive Coat

'CHAMONIX'

In All-Wool Cord or Plain Velour. Cut on straight lines with material at foot cut in strips the reverse way. Finished fur collar and cuffs of Australian Opossum. Collar can be worn open or closed. Half-lined Broché to tone. In Navy, Black, and all the new Autumn shades. Sizes S.W., W., and O.S.

£6 : 12 : 6

## HARRODS

*Inexpensive Coats—First Floor*

HARRODS LTD

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*Posticheurs D'art & Hair Specialists.*

You have only  
to be sure of  
**the Name**

Let your next Transformation be a "Nicol" production and you will know the joy of feeling perfectly satisfied with your coiffure.

A visit to our Showrooms is requested, or postiches can be sent on approval.

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Permanent Waving of ladies' own hair by an entirely new process without use of electric heaters. Charming result assured.

The "Nonetta Parting" Transformation (your "friend in need") Price from 15 Guineas. Toupet from 7 Guineas.



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VOGUE & VALUE

While following Fashion's trend towards shorter skirts—and here is a becomingly youthful example — Goochs are featuring many graceful long-skirted models for those who desire them. In the newest of styles, all are moderately priced.

"PADUR." Afternoon gown in good quality silk marocain in a delightful shade of apricot. The long-waisted bodice with fitting hip-piece is attached to a skirt which is finely pleated in front, fashionably plain at the back. The collar and cuffs are in ecru georgette, edged apricot, pleated to match skirt. Can be copied in a variety of shades, or in crêpe de Chine. Price **4½ Gns.**



## GOOCHS Ltd

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The "BRASSEY."

ROBERT HEATH'S, Ltd., of Knightsbridge, newest "Pull-on" Sports Hat in their *superfine quality* Felt. Absolutely waterproof, very light in weight, the brim will withstand the wind and roll up for the pocket. A very distinctive Hat, it is quite different from anything yet designed, with the new pleated back and wing brim, which being patented (No. 218580) cannot be obtained elsewhere. Sizes 6½ to 7½. In black, castor, tabac, tan, Cuba, beaver, nigger, light grey, carbon, white and cinnamon ... Price **37/6**

"PATENT No. 218580." Proceedings will be taken at once against anyone infringing this patent.



N.B.—Robert Heath, Ltd., have no agents or branches, therefore their well-known hats can only be obtained from the address given below.

## ROBERT HEATH

of Knightsbridge.



BY APPOINTMENT

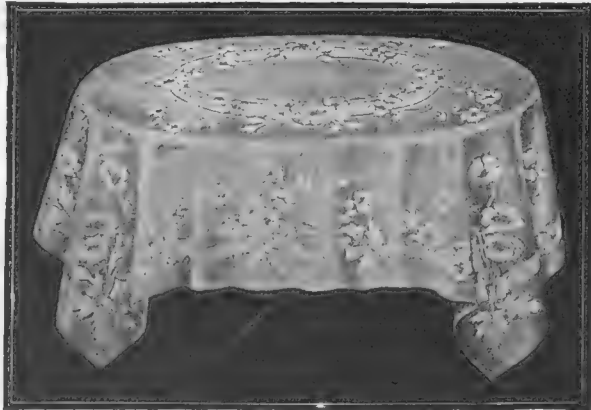
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ROBINSON & CLEAVER'S Irish Linen has been famous for the last 50 years. By controlling all the processes from yarn to cloth they are able to sell direct to the consumer at the lowest possible prices.



S.K.249.—Bleached Pure Irish Linen Double Damask Table Cloths (as illustrated). Good medium quality that looks well and gives satisfactory wear. Design: Californian Poppy.

### DOUBLE DAMASK TABLE CLOTHS.

|                   |           |                   |           |
|-------------------|-----------|-------------------|-----------|
| 2 x 2 yards .. .. | Each 27/9 | 2 x 3 yards .. .. | Each 41/6 |
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| 22 x 22 inches .. .. | per doz. 31/6 | 24 x 24 inches .. .. | per doz. 36/6 |
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## ATTRACTIVE Broché Crêpe-de-Chine LINGERIE

For many years we have made a special study of Lingerie, and have a world-wide reputation for the style, character and finish of our Underwear. Only reliable quality materials are used, and the cut and workmanship are perfect.

NIGHTDRESS (as sketch), in pure silk washing broché crêpe-de-Chine, an exact copy of a French model, entirely hand-made, square neck and new open sleeves, trimmed with dainty bows of self-material. In pink, ivory, sky, mauve, coral, yellow, and cyclamen.

PRICE  
**59/6**

CHEMISE to match .. .. 49/6  
KNICKERS to match .. .. 49/6  
NIGHTDRESS in thoroughly reliable washing satin. In ivory, sky, mauve, daffodil, pink, coral, and almond green .. .. 49/6  
CHEMISE to match .. .. 39/6  
KNICKERS to match .. .. 39/6  
DUTCH BONNET BOUDOIR CAP, with wired wings and wreath of flowers 29/6

Sent on approval.

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Catalogue  
post free.



Write to-day for your  
copy of Harrods new  
Brochure - "Girls' Wear"

## Riding Habits

for Girls

**SIDE-SADDLE HABIT.** Including Coat, Skirt and Breeches of irreproachable cut and fit. Breeches strapped with leather. In Covert Coating,

from 15 Gns  
Whipcords from 15½ Gns

**ASTRIDE COAT AND BREECHES.** Excellently cut and tailored with ample turnings for the growing girl. Breeches strapped leather. Girls' sizes in Covert Coating, from 10 Gns

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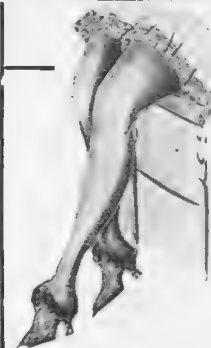
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LONDON SW1

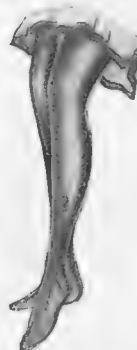
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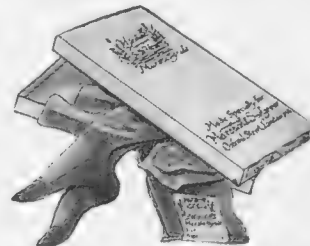


K. 76. "Kayser" famous knit silk lisle feet and tops in black, white, brown, silver, pearl, platinum, grey, chaire, sunset, fawn, pongee, camel, beige. Per pair 8/11  
Also the well-known Marvel stripe ladder stop all-silk, in same colours. 14/6 per pair.

K. 18. Fancy all-wool jacquard check cashmere for sports, fine quality, in brown, fawn, black, grey, beige, as ground, with two contrasting colours in each Per pair 9/11



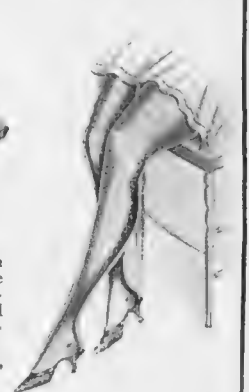
K. 5. Masel silk stockings for day wear, full fashioned throughout, with silk and openwork clocks, in black, white, flesh, nude, sunburn, pastel, champagne, putty, sunset, sand, fawn, silver-grey, mid-grey, mushroom, light tan. Per pair 13/6



K. 2. Our well-known Maximum Silk Holeproof, has given entire satisfaction to thousands of our customers. In black white, light and dark nude, peach, sunburn, champagne, fawn, pongee, sand, beige, beaver, light tan, brown, nigger, dark beaver, tinsel, silver, silver-grey, mid-grey and mole. Per pair 5/11  
Or 3 pairs for 17/6.

## MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

VERE-STREET AND OXFORD-STREET  
LONDON W.1



K. 78. The well-known Tritex silk Holeproof, every pair guaranteed, in black, white, nigger, brown, cloud, silver, camel, mouse, beige, rose, fawn, light beaver, dark beaver, and otter. Per pair 7/11





DAPHNE

BETTINE

PAMELA

# Coats for Autumn

*DAPHNE.* Smart Walking Coat in  $\frac{3}{4}$  length as illustration, made in good quality Velour Cloth, lined throughout Satin. Cut on becoming lines, attractively trimmed with large collar and deep flounces of Marmot Fur. In Beaver, Mole, Fawn, Tan, Light and Mid-Brown, Nigger, Navy and Black. In W. and O.S. sizes. **13 $\frac{1}{2}$  Gns**

*BETTINE.* Graceful and becoming Walking Coat, cut on straight lines, made in good quality faintly ribbed Velour Cloth, with collar trimmed Natural Australian Opossum. Inset sleeve. Cuffs and pockets trimmed large bone buttons to match, lined throughout good quality Satin Merve. In Fawn, Beaver, Grey, Mole, Tan, Brown, Nigger, Navy and Black. Sizes W. & O.S. **9 Gns**

*PAMELA.* Graceful Velour Coat made in superior quality fancy or plain Velour Cloth, lined throughout crêpe-de-Chine, tastefully designed with slightly flared wrap-over skirt, particularly suitable for slight figures. Collar and cuffs of Mouflon Fur to tone with cloth. In shades of Tan, Beaver, Fawn, Mid and Dark Brown, Nigger, Grey, Mole, Navy and Black. **9 $\frac{1}{2}$  Gns**

The authentic interpretation of the new Season's Fashions now being exhibited at Dickins & Jones will absorb everyone's interest, and are fully worthy of a special visit.

**DICKINS & JONES**  
LTD  
REGENT STREET. LONDON W.1

Autumn Book free on request

## Watch this Column

COUNTLESS letters from all classes of people praising "THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME," starring Lon Chaney, prove that the thirst for knowledge and appreciation of a classic are not confined to the scholar and the pedagogue. Though



CARL LAEMMLE.

Written by Victor Hugo in France's darkest hour, the success of this great spectacle overshadows that of the most successful modern drama. A leading Cardiff educationalist regards this Screen Version as a "new illumination," while the Bishop of Leeds speaks in glowing terms of "THE HUNCHBACK" as "a very remarkable Film."

When you see it, I should welcome your opinion. Last week at the Queen's Hall, Newcastle, it gave immense satisfaction to read the magnificent tributes paid by the Newcastle Press to "THE HUNCHBACK," and the crowds were so great that it had to be held over for a second week. This week at The Corinthian, Dublin, The Majestic, Hull, The Scala, South Shields, and The Palace, Sunderland, the same successes have been recorded.

In answer to London Correspondents, I have arranged to present "THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME" at the following Theatres on Monday next, Sept. 29—

WEST DISTRICT.—Rialto, Coventry Street, W.; Marble Arch Pavilion; Stoll's Picture Theatre; Shepherd's Bush Pavilion; Shaftesbury Pavilion; Blue Halls, Hammersmith; Cinema House, Oxford Street, W.; The Globe, Acton; The Majestic and The Carlton, Tottenham Court Road, W.

NORTH.—Angel Cinema, Islington; King's Cross Cinema; West Ealing Cinema.

NORTH-WEST.—Marlborough Theatre, Hol-  
loway; Hippodrome, Camden Town; Palace, Kilburn; Queen's, Cricklewood.

SOUTH-WEST.—Pavilion, Lavender Hill; Palladium, Brixton; King's Theatre, Chelsea; Majestic, Clapham; Palace, Wandsworth.

SOUTH-EAST.—The Tower, Peckham; Grand, Camberwell; Prince's, Kennington.

EAST.—Rivoli, Whitechapel; Mile End Empire.

Have you seen the Screen-Version of Frances Hodgson Burnett's novel, "A LADY OF QUALITY"? Hobart Henley, one of the most artistic of Directors, has made a memorable Production of this English Classic, in which, as one critic in the "Daily Telegraph" phrases it, "the spectator feels transported at once to days of Queen Anne." Virginia Valli is supported by such excellent players as Milton Sills and Earle Foxe. Don't fail to see it, and write me your opinion as to the Production of this famous English story.

Carl Laemmle

President

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## Made to fit your Mouth!

The ordinary tooth brush fits only where it touches; and cleans only where it does touch.

On the other hand, the Pro-phy-lac-tic might have been made to your measure. It fits your mouth.

A flexible, curved handle lets the brush right inside. Bristles, wide-set, on a curve that suits your jaw;

serrated to reach between teeth. And a big end-tuft that gets behind the back teeth!

All these essentials are original features of the Pro-phy-lac-tic. You will not get them in an ordinary tooth brush. See, then, that your tooth brush bears the facsimile name thus:

## Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush

Sold only in the YELLOW BOX

At all Chemists, Stores, etc.; or sent post free, on receipt of price.  
Hard, medium or soft—**2/6**  
one quality, one price—  
WILLIAM E. PECK & CO., Inc.  
31 Bartholomew Close, London, E.C.1  
Manufactured by Florence Mfg. Co.,  
Mass., U.S.A.

Write for free copy of  
"TOOTH TRUTHS"  
to 31 Bartholomew  
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## New and Attractive TEA FROCKS For Autumn Wear

The Tea Frock illustrated has been designed by our own artists, and is made from rich quality satin. It is cut on graceful and becoming lines, and the workmanship is of our usual high standard of excellence.

**DISTINCTIVE TEA FROCK (as sketch).** In rich quality satin, cut on the reverse side, long over tunic with flare at one side, and deep pleat caught by buttons, finished at neck and hem with rouleaux of own material. In black, beige, tan, grey, hyacinth, navy, cyclamen, and foxglove.

PRICE  
**6½ Gns.**

Sent on approval.

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post free.



## There's no need for wrinkles at YOUR Age!

Read this  
letter!

London, W.C.

Dear Madame,

You may remember my name as one of your clients and I am happy to say that your exercises have been most successful. My face looks years younger than it did and my daughter has also benefited from your treatment. Yours truly,



You can preserve the youthful smoothness of your face, or remove wrinkles, crowsfeet, double chins and other signs of trouble or advancing years by means of Madame Eve's simple, restful exercises for preserving the elasticity of the facial muscles.

NO CONSULTATION FEE.

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## This smart WINTER COAT

FULL LENGTH

All-Wool Velour cloth lined throughout with silk. Collar and cuffs of striped Mink fur. Sleeves trimmed with buttons to match, as illustrated.

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**6½ Gns.**

Carr. free.

Cut on straight and graceful lines—suitable for all figures.

Colours:

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Post orders, which should be accompanied by remittance, will receive the same careful attention as a personal call. Your money gladly refunded if not completely satisfied. Please state size.

Patterns sent Post Free.

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Almost next to Bond Street Tube.





# Kenneth Durward Ltd

NEW "UNIVERSAL" ALL-WOOL WEATHERPROOF

EXCLUSIVE — INEXPENSIVE.

Undoubted satisfaction has been expressed by wearers of our wonderful weather-proof, which has been thoroughly tested during our "typically English Summer." Equipped with a "Durward" weather-proof you can go anywhere with a comfortable sense of security against the uncertainty of what the day will have in store for you.

Manufactured exclusively for us by the most famous of

WEST OF ENGLAND MANUFACTURERS, we can absolutely guarantee that the "Universal" Cloths are made from

ENTIRELY PURE VIRGIN WOOL without the slightest admixture of any kind of adulterant.

DOUBLE PROOFING by a new and most efficient system makes this coat the most perfect weatherproof that can be obtained.

THIS COAT CAN BE OBTAINED  
READY TO WEAR  
or to order in any of the new  
UNIVERSAL CLOTHS  
AT ONE PRICE

**6 Guineas.**

Patterns and full particulars sent on mentioning "Sketch."

This cloth is made in GREYS, BLUES, FAWNS, BROWNS, &c., in self colours, and also in artistic and original designs, and will appeal to every taste.



THE "UNIVERSAL" COAT.

This Coat has been specially designed to give the acme of comfort with a smart and dignified appearance, and is unsurpassed for Town, Country, and General Wear.

ULSTER HOUSE, 37, CONDUIT ST., LONDON, W.1

## The House For BOYS' WEAR

### Little Boys' Velour Coat

Well tailored, with deep hem to coat and sleeves. To fit Boys 2½ to 6 years. In Beaver, Golden or Dark Brown, Lovat, Dark Saxe. Also in stout Frieze, in Tan or Saxe.

First size - - 33/-  
Rising 9d. every size of 1 year.

Heavier quality Velour, in Beaver, Saxe, Golden Brown or Lovat. First size 39/-  
Rising 9d. every size of 1 year.

Best quality Velour, in Beige, Golden or Dark Brown, Royal or Navy Blue. First size 63/-  
Rising 3/- every size of 1 year.

Caps to match, 6/11, 8/6, and 10/6

**HARRODS**  
HARRODS LTD LONDON SW1



Write to-day for Harrods new Brochure — 'Boys' Outfits' — sent post free

## GOOCH'S VOGUE & VALUE

Goochs realize that the smart woman must be exclusive in her hats, and have, therefore, designed many models whose distinction cannot be duplicated. Moreover, their moderate prices cannot be surpassed for value.

This elegant Hat of Black Felt is lined with velvet and completed with a black and silver ornament  
Price **4½ Gns.**

Cannot be sent on approval.

Charming Hat of Black Panne and brocaded gold ribbon.  
Price **63/-**

Cannot be sent on approval.



**GOOCH'S Ltd**

BROMPTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3.

Tube Station: Knightsbridge.

Phone: Kensington 5100.

## FURS of reliable Quality at Reasonable Prices

Furs that are low priced are not necessarily cheap. Furs that are expensive are not always of fine quality.

WE GUARANTEE to sell GENUINE FURS of high quality at LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES. The BEST POSSIBLE VALUE FOR MONEY.

The FINEST and MOST VARIED stocks of BEAUTIFUL FURS in London to choose from. Inspection cordially invited or selections are willingly sent into the country on approval.

We specialise in Fur Repairs and alterations. Expert advice and exact estimates of cost.

**Wholesale Fur Co**  
Fur Specialists and Experts,  
12, CONDUIT STREET,  
REGENCY STREET, LONDON, W.1

Also at 145, Cheapside, E.C.2 and 71, Westbourne Grove, W.2.



New Model in fine quality NATURAL MUSQUASH, rich dark colouring **22 Gns.**

Call or write NOW just before the busy Season.



Faithful representations of ideals striven for and attained only after years of thought and experimentation.

Such is Cliftons—superlative chocolate, with a variety of delicious fillings, solely for people of finer palates.

# Cliftons

*The chocolate with an unconditional guarantee*

Procurable only from high-grade retailers

Cliftons Chocolates, Ltd.,  
Cliftons Works, Levenshulme, Manchester.

(P)

DIURETIC MINERAL WATER

## VITTEL

GRANDE SOURCE

*The treatment for*  
**URIC ACID,  
GOUT, GRAVEL,  
KIDNEY & LIVER  
TROUBLES.**

*Recommended  
by Physicians.*

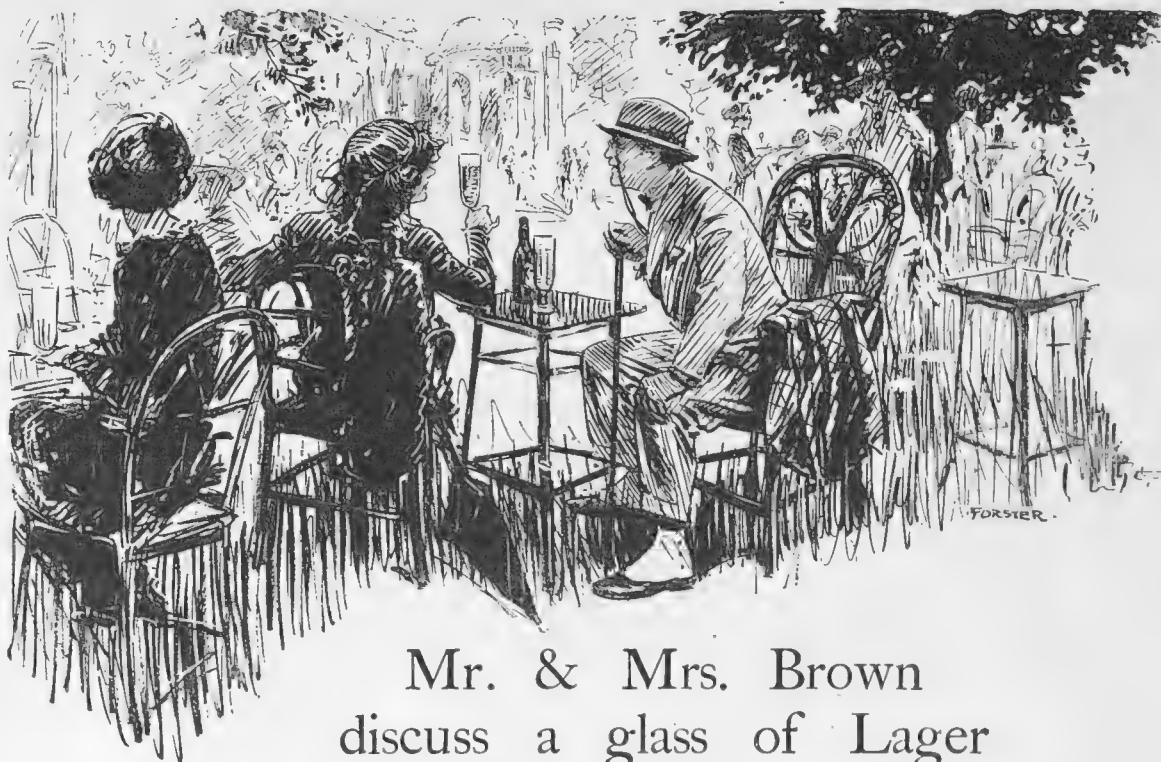
20 MILLION BOTTLES  
SOLD YEARLY.

From Hotels, Restaurants, Chemists, and  
The Apollinaris Co., Ltd.,  
4, STRATFORD PLACE, W.1.  
THE VITTEL MINERAL WATER CO.,  
52, CHARLOTTE STREET, W.1.

## HALFORD'S CURRY POWDER

TRADE MARK

MAKES DELIGHTFUL & DIGESTIBLE DISHES.



## Mr. & Mrs. Brown discuss a glass of Lager

### VI. The Summing-up

"It's wonderful," said Henry Brown, withdrawing his face from the sunlit glass he was holding and pointing to the variegated Wembley throng that passed and repassed before his table.

"And is it not a solemn thought," said Mrs. Brown, "that in almost every country of the world Lager Beer is being consumed at this moment—except, of course, where they've got Prohibition or it's breakfast-time."

"I don't see that either case need be entirely ruled out," observed Henry. "Anyhow, our little discussion has made it clear that throughout the civilised globe Lager Beer is a favourite drink with both sexes, as it has now happily become in our own country. And from my own experience of many lands I can honestly affirm that for flavour and condition the finest Continental Lagers are not superior to Barclay's. In fact—"

"In fact," concluded his wife, "we've never tasted better Lager anywhere than this, and we don't believe we ever shall."

"Amen to that," said Henry as he emptied his glass.

# Barclay's

London  
Lager

The only Lager Beer supplied to the British Empire Exhibition

# Esmerene

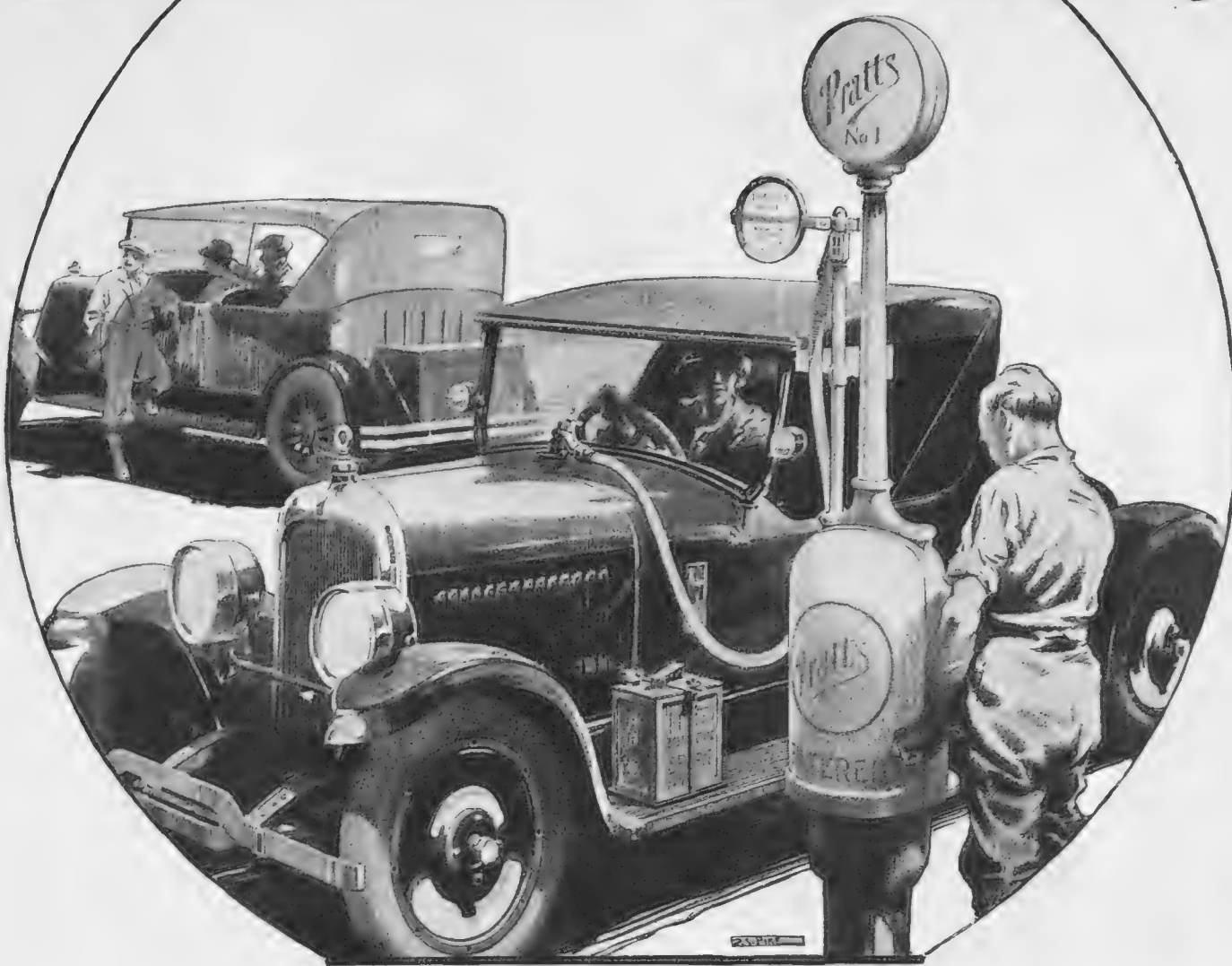
Regd.

The Ideal Wool and Artificial Silk Mixture  
for Knitting Jumpers, Frocks, Coats & Children's Wear.  
Neither Shrinks nor Stretches & Improves with Washing.  
OBTAINABLE AT ALL HIGH-CLASS DRAPERS AND STORES IN YOUR TOWN.

*If unable to obtain locally write to the Esmerene Co., 310, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1*



# Pratts National Service Series



## THE GOLDEN PUMP

THE last step in bringing Pratts to the public, apart of course from the ever-popular sealed Green Can, is the Golden Pump—the last word in rapid, easy and wasteless distribution.

It can only be a matter of time before Bulk Storage is universally adopted for supplying motor-spirit. That it has so quickly reached its present great popularity is unquestionably due to the efforts of the Anglo-American Oil Co., to induce garages to adopt it. The Pratts label attached to the delivery pipe guarantees spirit of perfect quality—absolute uniformity—and reliability.

*This series of announcements is to convey some idea of the comprehensive distributive organisation of the Anglo-American Oil Co., responsible for the maintenance of the supply of Pratts Spirit to thousands of garages and a million motorists. Watch for the next of the series.*

# PRATTS

*Uniform everywhere  
Reliable always*



D.A. 389.

ANGLO-AMERICAN OIL COMPANY, LTD. 36 QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, LONDON, S.W. 1.

# WOOLLANDS

## KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1

Distinctive Milliners and Court Dressmakers

THE Correct Line for Autumn is portrayed in the many practical Coat Models now being displayed in Mantle Department.

*Woollands are not associated with any other House.*



Well-tailored Coat, giving the long straight line, particularly becoming to full figures. Collar and Cuffs of American Opossum, lined throughout Silk. Made in a novelty Cloth of Self colourings. In many shades of Brown, Beaver, Grey, Navy and Black.

Price **15 Gns.**

Pure Silk Hose of all newest colours with Embroidered Silk Clox. All sizes 13/9 pair.

Smart Walking Coat in Velour, tailored on the new straight lines, large Collar and Cuffs of Pahmi Fur, lined throughout Silk. In Brown, Beaver, Grey, Mole, Navy and Black.

Price **14½ Gns.**

Attractive Coat in Embroidered French Velour, Collar and Cuffs of Wallaby Fur. In Black or Mole only, lined throughout Silk.

Price **14 Gns.**

Woollands specialise in Tailor-made Coats and Skirts at **Six Guineas.**

WOOLLAND BROS., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1



By Appointment.

## WALPOLES

WALPOLE BROTHERS (LONDON) LTD.

89-90, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.1.  
108-110, KENSINGTON HIGH STREET, LONDON, W.8.  
175-176, SLOANE ST., LONDON, S.W.1.

Established 1766.

SC 3.

### NEW WALPOLE OVERBLOUSE OF IVORY JAP SPUN SILK

created by us on the straight lines of fashion to fit closely over hips, giving that smart tailored - coat effect so desirable. Polo collar and double link cuffs appropriately complete a model that will be in great demand.

Sizes: —42, 44, 46, 48.  
13½ 14 14½ 15

**23/6**



SC 3.

Ladies going to the tropics can find in Walpoles Showrooms a large and varied selection of Silk and Cotton Frocks at "End of season" prices.

We Pay Carriage within the British Isles.

## Harvey Nichols

of Knightsbridge.

### EXCLUSIVE STYLES IN DISTINCTIVE FOOTWEAR

Smart Patent Leather Bar Shoe, low LXV heel, trimmed with Tan Crocodile or Grey Lizard skin.

Price  
**59/6**

New Model in Patent Leather Court Shoe, LXV heel, hand beaded tab in steel. Also in beige, grey, black and white antelope.

Price  
**65/9**

Latest Model in Fancy Bar Shoes, new embossed front in various colours. Nigger seal-skin back: also in black.

Price  
**65/9**

New illustrated Shoe booklet post free on request.

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1.





# Jay HAT

*the essence  
of refinement*

## The DRISK Model

*A flower motif in self-coloured felt, bound with Angora braid, gives a touch of originality to this simple model in the fashionable "cloche" shape. The hat is of plain fur-felt with a brim of Angora. In a large variety of colours, both bright and neutral.*

*The more exclusive milliners have a range of Jay Hats to show you. Look for the Jay picture-label inside—the sign of a genuine Jay Hat. Jay Hats are inexpensive.*

*If you have any difficulty in obtaining a Jay Hat, write for name of nearest retailer to*



**VICTOR JAY & CO.**  
34 Southwark Bridge Rd.  
London, S.E. 1  
(wholesale only)

## THOSE WORN FURS.

Maybe your Furs are worn and out-of-date; you have come to the conclusion there's no more wear in them, and are about to discard them altogether.

DON'T. Please come in and see our Fur Experts, or send your Furs on to us for our suggestions. Our professional opinion will be worth having, and costs you nothing.

It is our business to **RESTORE, RENOVATE, REPAIR** and **MODERNISE** your old Furs, making them exactly like new again at prices half those made elsewhere. Orders placed now executed within one week.

**MOTHITE**, a wonderful preventative against moths; odourless, 2/6 per tin, post free.

(Old Furs taken in part exchange for new.)

## FUR RENOVATING CO.,

(1st Floor, corner  
of Bow Lane).

**58, CHEAPSIDE,  
LONDON, E.C.2.**

Telephones:  
City 323 & 7174



## Let's talk about Children's Underwear

You should only be satisfied with **PURE WOOL**. Doctors say it equalises the body's heat to that of the atmosphere. This has been proved.

You save time and trouble by buying Chilprufe Pure Wool. Only the finest yarn is used. This statement is legally binding—supported by the maker's mark on each garment.

## CHILPRUFE for Children

Not only is Chilprufe more finely woven, it is finished by a secret process which prevents shrinkage, loss of pearly colour, or lessening of its protective qualities. For babies or older ones, it is most economical. Made in a complete range, all perfectly trimmed and finished.

## CHILPRUFE for LADIES

To those ladies who know Chilprufe for Children little need be said of its wonderful durability. In cut and style Chilprufe for Ladies conforms to present modes, and there are garments for all occasions.

Pure silk laces are used, giving that final touch of refinement which ladies are so quick to appreciate.

**NEW ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST**  
on application.

**WM. WHITELEY, LTD.**  
**Queen's Road,  
Bayswater, W.**

# Harrods

are demonstrating the  
**Sphere  
Oval-Octo  
Suspender**

A Real Boon to Ladies.

## IT CANNOT CAUSE LADDERS

### Oval-Octo Advantages:

1. The soft and flexible nature of the button itself, there being no metal parts in it.
2. The tiny "octos" round the head of the button which prevent the stocking from slipping.
3. The smooth round wire loop which has no rough or sharp edges. The SPHERE OVAL-OCTO loop and button grips many more threads of the stocking, and gives a firm and sure hold without damaging the finest material.

"Sphere"

Oval-Octo

HARRODS LTD

LONDON SW1



Security  
Stitch  
Cannot  
Come  
Undone.

Sphere  
Oval-Octo  
No. OV5.

Art. Silk Elastic  
(as illustrated)

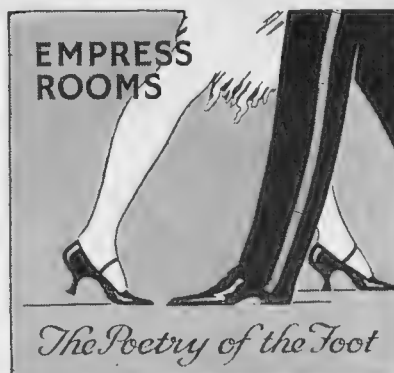
**2/6**

per pair.

Sphere  
Oval-Octo  
No. OV1.  
Fine Twill  
Elastic.  
1/9 per pair.

Sphere  
Oval-Octo  
No. OV23.  
Stout Mercer-  
ised Elastic.  
1/6 per pair.

Shows  
Sphere  
Oval-Octo  
Button and  
Loop.



It is the discriminating dancer of taste who goes to the **Empress Rooms**, there to learn dancing in such a manner that people turn in ball-rooms to say, "What a beautiful dancer — how neat and sure —." That is the "Empress" way. Add the *cachet* of the **Empress Rooms** to your dancing. Complete your address book with—**The Dance Secretary:**

# EMPRESS ROOMS

ROYAL PALACE HOTEL  
Kensington W

Telephone: PARK 5220



*Hanan shoes satisfy  
womans wish to be exclusive*

To own Hanan Shoes gives a wonderful sense of satisfaction. There is a Hanan Shoe for every occasion—town or country. The world's best shoes made of the world's best leather. Their standard of excellence is fully maintained both in high quality and perfection of style.

Charming Hosiery in Newest Shades. Dainty and Durable.

## HANAN & SON

328/332, OXFORD STREET, W.1,  
OPPOSITE BOND ST. (Mayfair 3417)

203, REGENT STREET, W.1  
CORNER OF CONDUIT ST. (Mayfair 1839)

Telegrams: "Hanshuco, Wesdo, London."

## SESSEL PEARLS

**SESSEL PEARLS** are the finest reproductions existing. They are made by a secret and scientific process, which imparts to them the same sheen, delicacy of tone, texture, and durability of genuine Oriental Pearls.



**SESSEL PEARL COLLIER**

16 inches long, with 18 Carat Gold Clasp, £4 4s.

**SESSEL** (Bourne, Ltd.), 14 & 14a, New Bond Street, W.1

Illustrated Brochure No. 4 sent on request. (No agents.)



No. 4 of a series of happy kiddie snapshots.



## "the compleat angler"

And it calls for patience, too. Not, perhaps, the exact kind that old Izaak Walton meant.

Rather is it patience with the fact that the front of a jersey is the most obvious place to wipe wet hands; patience with the fact that crawling is hard on knickers; patience with the fact that the wee angler has little patience and therefore is inclined to "wiggle" in his seat upon the grass.

Tailoring for children calls for knowledge of the habits of children. That is why Gooch Tailoring for children is not only productive of better clothes at the outset but is far more economical in the long run.

For Goochs apply their knowledge to the best advantage of the parent, in this matter of little folk's clothes. Goochs know just how the "angler's" pants are treated; Goochs, shall we say, add to tailoring a specific knowledge of elbows. That is why we suggest that the Gooch Salons are well worth seeing.



No. 1.—Dainty Tailored Coat in Velour Cloth in a variety of shades. Suitable for little girls from 2 to 6 years.

Sizes: 18 in. 20 in. 22 in. 24 in.

Prices: 65/6 69/6 72/6 78/6

Also in Tweeds or Hopsacks in Purple, Cherry, Tan, Brown, Saxe, and Sky.

59/6 63/6 65/6 69/6



No. 2.—Smart little well-tailored Coat for boys or girls from 2 years of age. In Frieze and Hopsack. In Saxe, Purple, Tan, Brown, Rose, or Fawn.

Sizes: 18 in. 20 in. 22 in. 24 in.

Prices: 59/6 63/6 65/6 69/6

Also in Velour Cloth.

65/6 69/6 72/6 78/6

# Goochs Ltd

For Vogue and Value in Children's Clothes

BROMPTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3

Tube Station: Knightsbridge.

Telephone: Kensington 5100.



## For Evening

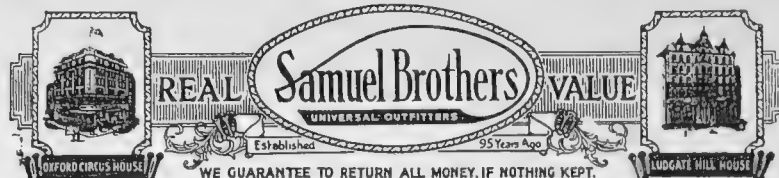
This charming Gown of Romaine fashioned on straight lines, introduces a novel fringe of silk and beads. In Black, Jade, Periwinkle, Cyclamen, Yellow and Grey.

Women's size - - 18 Gns

Ask to see the 'Lumière.'

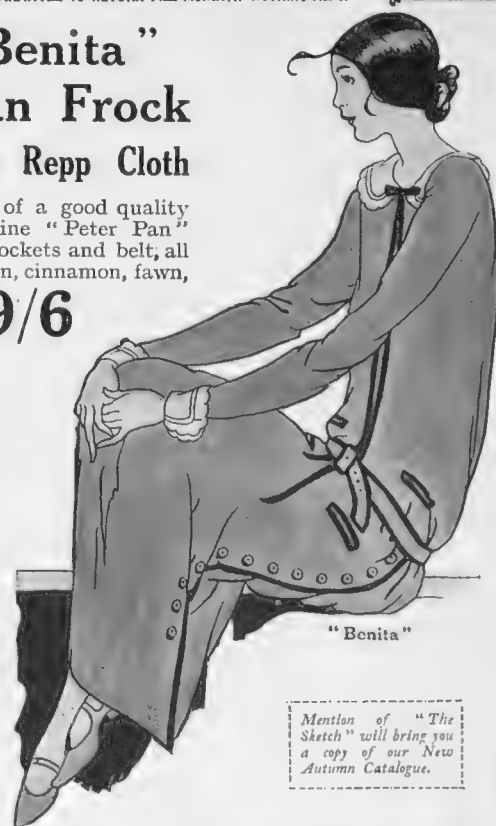
# HARRODS

HARRODS LTD LONDON SW1



## The "Benita" Peter Pan Frock in fashionable Repp Cloth

In Coat-frock form, of a good quality repp, crêpe-de-Chine "Peter Pan" collar and cuffs, 2 pockets and belt, all braided. In new tan, cinnamon, fawn, tabac, grey, beaver, navy and black. **49/6**



### ORDERS BY POST.

State length and second choice of colour preferred, and permit us to send you

### A SELECTION ON APPROVAL.

In the first transaction a London reference should be given. If a remittance accompanies an order, we refund money in full in the event of the goods not meeting with approval.

Mention of "The Sketch" will bring you a copy of our New Autumn Catalogue.

SAMUEL BROTHERS, LTD., OXFORD CIRCUS, W.1 & LUDGATE HILL, E.C.4, LONDON

## Have it dyed, Madam.



"You will get another season's wear out of your costume if you send it to Stevensons to be dyed one of the fashionable Autumn shades. Their 'Mak' Siccar' Process never fails."

## Specialists in Carpet Dyeing.

Costumes, Suits, Overcoats, Winter Curtains, Carpets, etc., Dyed or Cleaned to Perfection by Stevensons "Mak' Siccar" Process.

Price List on Application.

# STEVENSONS DUNDEE

Artists Dyers.

Dry Cleaners.

Chief London Branch: 88, Tottenham Court Road, W.1

## Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

### NEW JUMPER BLOUSES for Present Wear

Smartly Cut Jumper Shirt in heavy quality crêpe-de-Chine. Peter Pan collar, and one pocket at side. In ivory, champagne, putty, cinnamon, beaver, navy and black.

PRICE  
**59/6**



HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1.



# Motor Dicta. By Heniochus.

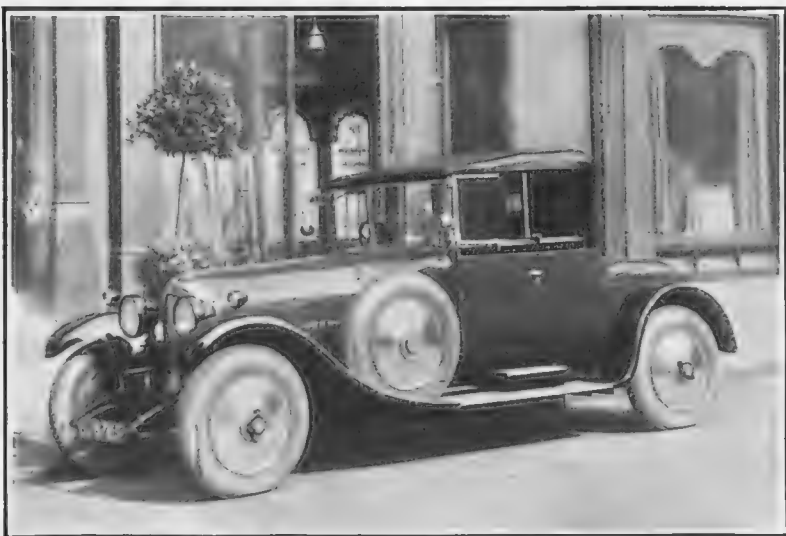


## New British Car Models.

Motoring has long ceased to be a summer pastime for the few, as its general usefulness to the many has banished the seasonal aspect. Therefore I make no apologies for not waiting until Olympia opens next month to make a few remarks on the latest types of cars available to the public. For both the prices and the cars there will be unchanged from what they are to-day, so folks who wish to possess one

product, and is claimed to be the safest type of balloon or low-pressure tyre. There is no doubt that its fitting upon cars gives increased comfort and better protection for the mechanism of the vehicle, as the latter receives less hard knocks from the lumps and cavities in the highway, and there is consequently less chance of the metal parts becoming crystallised. Those motorists who visit the Dunlop depots and their stand at Olympia during the eighteenth annual motor-

are fitted with comfort tyres, comfort devices in coachwork and fittings, as well as comfort to present owners of these makes in that their depreciation account has not been added to by financial dropping of values.



WITH BALLOON TYRES: A BENTLEY THREE-QUARTER COUPÉ.

This smart little Bentley car is particularly striking, being painted in genuine cobalt violet. The body is by Harrison.

can do so without risk of purchasing a vehicle that has not all the latest improvements that will be current for the year 1925. Thus one Bean car will be the 12-h.p., which replaces the former 11.9-h.p.; and the second model is the 14-h.p. Bean, whose equipment includes front-wheel brakes, Dunlop balloon cord tyres, or Dunlop cord tyres, if desired, shock-absorbers, and rear wind-screen on both touring models. Further, the price of each remains the same as for the past season, so, for the third year in succession, Bean owners are protected from depreciation due to price-reduction. This is a very sensible move on the part of the manufacturers, Messrs. A. Harper, Son and Bean, Ltd., of Dudley, and will be well received by all those concerned as present and future owners of these cars. The front-wheel braking system on the Perrot principle has been fully tested by those owning the 14-h.p. Bean this year, and I can speak personally of its efficiency, safety, and freedom from any trouble, so have every reason to recommend the new 12-h.p. Bean, whose four wheels are braked on the same system. The Dunlop balloon tyres will certainly smooth the running of the cars over uneven surfaces, though the springing, with the shock-absorbers adjusted according to the load carried, is very efficient in giving comfort to the rider. In fact, the two new Bean models are provided with double comfort devices to ensure satisfaction to their passengers when running swiftly or slowly, as the low-pressure tyres act best at speed, and the shock-absorbers at low rates of progression, while both combine to neutralise all sorts and conditions of road shocks.

**Wired-On Balloon Tyres.** The Dunlop wired-on balloon tyre is now offered to the motorist as a proved

Hence the new Dunlop jack, which has been designed to overcome the shortcomings of the old-type lifters.

## New Six-Cylinder Buick.

stretch a point six-cylinder Buick among British novelties. Fitted with brakes on all four wheels, and with low-pressure tyres, this new 20-h.p. car is an exact replica on a small scale of the famous big Buick Six. But its cost is much less, so the car will appeal to a far wider market. The price of the new 27-h.p. Buicks—the big Six—is the same as that of the present models, so again I can assure present owners of these that they will

As General Motors, Ltd., now assemble cars at Hendon, I may be allowed to by including the new 20-h.p.

lose nothing in value by price-reductions. Really, I might have termed these notes, "Comfort all Round," as the cars

## Wider Seats on Hillman.

Which remark reminds me that the new 11-h.p. Hillman car has an increase of six inches in the width of the four-seater coachwork, which not only greatly improves the appearance of the vehicle, but adds considerably to the comfort and room in the interior. On this new model, low-pressure Dunlop cord tyres are fitted, and besides the present equipment of electric horn, screen-wiper, spring gaiters, petrol gauge, clock and speedometer, a floor carpet and dashboard lamp have been added. This new 11-h.p. Hillman has had several detail improvements effected in the engine and chassis, so that the car runs faster and sweeter. These include the gear oil-pump being mounted at the rear end of the camshaft, which draws its supply through a ball check-valve and prevents the pump from draining itself of oil when the engine is not running. It is thus self-priming. A high and a low level pair of taps are now fitted on the sump in place of the former dipper stick to show the level of oil. Also the turning lock has been increased, while rubber buffers have been fitted over the centre of the front springs to make sure, however deep the wheels may drop into a pot-hole, these springs will not possibly touch the frame as they absorb the road shock. The effect of widening the body, whilst adding to its comfort, has caused the rear springs to be partially sunk into recesses in the coachwork, which gives this car a particularly smart appearance. In fact, it no longer looks a little car,



AT THE FOOT OF THE ST. GOTHARD PASS, ON THE ITALIAN SIDE: A 40-50-H.P. ROLLS-ROYCE CAR.

but is a handsome carriage, with its all-weather body. These improvements greatly add to the value of this admirable car.

## PUBLICITY.

(Continued from Page 610.)

between his lips, roared out "Come in!" somewhat indistinctly, and then swallowed the acid drop whole in his surprise and delight. For this looked like the Real Thing.

A tall young man, exquisitely and beautifully dressed, stood hesitating in the doorway.

"A toff, if ever there was one," said Albert to himself. His judgment in such matters was good.

The young man was about twenty-four years of age, had beautifully slicked-back hair, a tendency to pink rims round the eyes, and practically no chin to speak of.

In an ecstasy, Albert pressed a button under his desk, and almost immediately a perfect fusillade of typing broke out from the direction of "Clerks." Tuppence had rushed to the post of duty. The effect of this hum of industry was to overawe the young man still further.

"I say," he remarked, "is this the what-not detective agency—Blunt's Brilliant Detectives? All that sort of stuff, you know? Eh?"

"Did you want, Sir, to speak to Mr. Blunt himself?" inquired Albert, with an air of doubt as to whether such a thing could be managed.

"Well—yes, laddie, that was the jolly old idea. Can it be done?"

"You haven't an appointment, I suppose?" The visitor became more and more apologetic.

"Afraid I haven't."

"It's always wise, Sir, to ring up on the phone first. Mr. Blunt is so terribly busy. He's engaged on the telephone at the moment. Called into consultation by Scotland Yard."

The young man seemed suitably impressed.

Albert lowered his voice, and imparted information in a friendly fashion.

"Important theft of documents from a Government office. They want Mr. Blunt to take up the case."

"Oh, really! I say. He must be no end of a fellow."

"The boss, Sir," said Albert, "is It."

The young man sat down on a hard chair, completely unconscious of the fact that he was being subjected to keen scrutiny by two pairs of eyes looking through cunningly contrived peep-holes—those of Tuppence, in the intervals of frenzied typing, and those of Tommy awaiting the suitable minute.

Presently a bell rang with violence on Albert's desk.

"The Boss is free now. I will find out whether he can see you," said Albert, and disappeared through the door marked "Private."

He reappeared immediately.

"Will you come this way, Sir?"

The visitor was ushered into the private office, and a pleasant-faced young man with red hair and an air of brisk capability rose to greet him.

"Sit down. You wished to consult me? I am Mr. Blunt."

"Oh! Really! I say, you're awfully young, aren't you?"

"The day of the Old Men is over," said Tommy, waving his hand. "Let me tell you this, Sir—not a person on my highly trained staff is a day over twenty-five. That is the truth."

Since the highly trained staff consisted of Tuppence and Albert, the statement was true itself.

"And now—the facts," said Mr. Blunt.

"I want you to find someone that's missing," blurted out the young man.

"Quite so. Will you give me the details?"

"Well, you see, it's rather difficult. I mean, it's a frightfully delicate business and all that. She might be frightfully waxy

about it. I mean—well, it's so dashed difficult to explain."

He looked helplessly at Tommy. Tommy felt annoyed. He had been on the point of going out to lunch, but he foresaw that getting the facts out of this client would be a long and tedious business.

"Did she disappear of her own free will, or do you suspect abduction?" he demanded crisply.

"I don't know," said the young man. "I don't know anything."

Tommy reached for a pad and pencil.

"First of all," he said, "will you give me your name? My office boy is trained never to ask names. In that way consultations can remain completely confidential."

"Oh, rather!" said the young man. "Jolly good idea. My name—er—my name's Smith."

"Oh, no," said Tommy—"the real one, please."

His visitor looked at him in awe.

"Er—St. Vincent," he said. "Lawrence St. Vincent."

"It's a curious thing," said Tommy, "how very few people there are whose real name is Smith. Personally, I don't know anyone called Smith. But nine men out of ten who wish to conceal their real name give the name of Smith. I am thinking of writing a monograph upon the subject."

At that moment a buzzer purred discreetly on his desk. That meant that Tuppence was requesting to take hold. Tommy, who wanted his lunch and who felt profoundly unsympathetic towards Mr. St. Vincent, was only too pleased to relinquish the helm.

"Excuse me," he said, and picked up the telephone.

Across his face there shot rapid changes—surprise, consternation, slight elation.

"You don't say so," he said into the 'phone. "The Prime Minister himself? Of

[Continued overleaf.]

# Be warned in time

Greylands,  
Fleet, Hants.  
15 June, 1924.

Messrs. Triplex Glass, Ltd.,  
1, Albemarle Street, W.1.

Dear Sirs,

My 4-seater car has recently been involved in a very bad smash, myself driving with 3 passengers. I was hit broadside on just about opposite the windscreen by a much faster and heavier car, and my own was reduced to scrap.

About three weeks before the accident I had a new windscreen fitted with *Triplex*: the top panel was wrenched away with the hood and was not even starred, the lower and larger panel was found in the bonnet of the other car with one large crack right across it. It is due to you to inform you that I attribute to Triplex the fact that I and my passengers escaped with our lives—for that matter it was a miracle, in any case, that no one was killed, but, undoubtedly, had it not been for Triplex we should have been cut to bits. Needless to say I am an excellent advertisement for Triplex and several of my friends have already learnt wisdom.

I am, dear Sirs,  
Yours faithfully,  
(signed) F. R. Bush.



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A British Motor is a car or lorry made solely  
in the British Isles, of British-made  
parts and British-made  
accessories.

*Continued.*

course, in that case, I will come round at once."

He replaced the receiver on the hook and turned to his client.

"My dear Sir, I must ask you to excuse me. A most urgent summons. If you will give the facts of the case to my confidential secretary, she will deal with them."

He strode to the adjoining door.

"Miss Robinson."

Tuppence, very neat and demure, with smooth black head and dainty collar and cuffs, tripped in. Tommy made the necessary introductions and departed.

"A lady you take an interest in has disappeared, I understand, Mr. St. Vincent," said Tuppence, in her soft voice, as she sat down and took up Mr. Blunt's pad and pencil. "A young lady?"

"Oh, rather!" said Mr. St. Vincent. "Young—and—and—awfully good-looking, and all that sort of thing."

Tuppence's face grew grave.

"Dear me!" she murmured. "I hope that—"

"You don't think anything's really happened to her?" demanded Mr. St. Vincent in lively concern.

"Oh, we must hope for the best," said Tuppence, with a kind of false cheerfulness which depressed Mr. St. Vincent horribly.

"Oh, look here, Miss Robinson! I say, you must do something. Spare no expense. I wouldn't have anything happen to her for the world. You seem awfully sympathetic, and I don't mind telling you in confidence that I simply worship the ground that girl walks on. She's a topper—an absolute topper."

"Please tell me her name and all about her."

"Her name's Violette—I don't know her second name. She works in a hat shop—Madame Sophie's, in Brook Street—but she's as straight as they make them. Has ticked

me off no end of times. I went round there yesterday—waiting for her to come out. All the others came, but not her. Then I found that she'd never turned up that morning to work at all—sent no message either. Old Madame was furious about it. I got the address of her lodgings, and I went round there. She hadn't come home the night before, and they didn't know where she was. I was simply frantic. I thought of going to the police. But I knew that Violette would be absolutely furious with me for doing that if she were really all right and had gone off on her own. Then I remembered that she herself had pointed out your advertisement to me one day in the paper and told me that one of the women who'd been in buying hats had simply raved about your ability and discretion and all that sort of thing. So I toddled along here right away."

"I see," said Tuppence. "What is the address of her lodgings?"

The young man gave it to her.

"That's all, I think," said Tuppence reflectively. "That is to say—am I to understand that you are engaged to this young lady?"

Mr. St. Vincent turned a brick-red.

"Well, no—not exactly. I never said anything. But I can tell you this: I mean to ask her to marry me as soon as ever I see her—if I ever do see her again."

Tuppence laid aside her pad.

"Do you wish for our special twenty-four-hour service?" she asked in business-like tones.

"What's that?"

"The fees are doubled, but we put all our available staff on to the case. Mr. St. Vincent, if the lady is alive, I shall be able to tell you where she is by this time to-morrow."

"What? I say, that's wonderful."

"We only employ experts—and we guarantee results."

"But I say, you know! You must have the most topping staff."

"Oh, we have," said Tuppence. "By the way, you haven't given me a description of the young lady."

"She's got the most topping hair—sort of golden, but very deep, like a jolly old sunset: that's it—a jolly old sunset. You know, I never noticed things like sunsets until lately. Poetry too—there's a lot more in poetry than I ever thought."

"Red hair," said Tuppence unemotionally, writing it down. "What height should you say the lady was?"

"Oh, tallish; and she's got ripping eyes—dark blue, I think. And a sort of decided manner with her—takes a fellow up short sometimes."

Tuppence wrote down a few words more, then closed her note-book and rose.

"If you will call here to-morrow at two o'clock, I think we shall have news of some kind for you," she said. "Good-morning, Mr. St. Vincent."

When Tommy returned Tuppence was just fitting on a smart little toque of black velvet.

"I've got all the details," she said succinctly. "Lawrence St. Vincent is the nephew and heir of the Earl of Cheriton. If we pull this through we shall get publicity in the highest places."

Tommy read through the notes on the pad.

"What do you think has really happened to the girl?" he asked.

"I think," said Tuppence, "that she has fled at the dictates of her heart, feeling that she loves this young man too well for her peace of mind."

"I know they do it in books," said Tommy, "but I've never known any girl who did it in real life."

"No?" said Tuppence. "Well, perhaps you're right. But I daresay Lawrence St. Vincent will swallow it all right. He's

*(Continued overleaf)*

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*The Motoring Correspondent of the "Financial Times," on August 11th, 1924.*

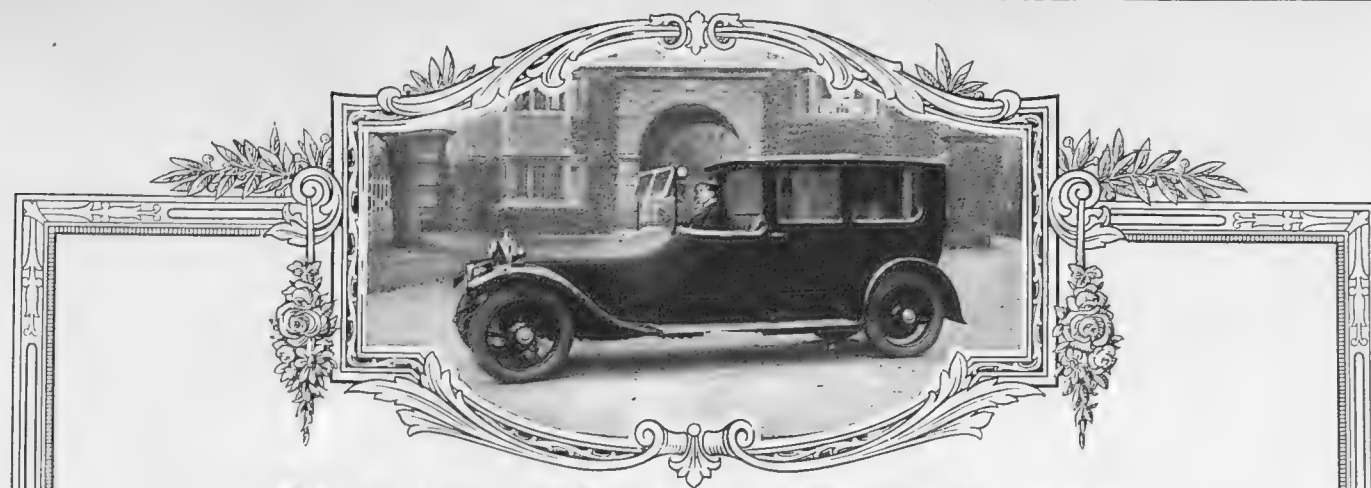
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Continued.]

full of romantic notions just now. By the way, I guaranteed results in twenty-four hours—our special service."

"Tuppence, you ass, what made you do that?"

"The idea just came into my head. I thought it sounded rather well. Don't you worry, my dear. Leave it all to little Tuppence."

She went out, leaving Tommy profoundly dissatisfied.

Presently he too went out.

When he returned at half-past four he found Tuppence extracting a bag of biscuits from their place of concealment in one of the files.

"You look very weary," she remarked. "What have you been doing?"

"Making a round of the hospitals with that girl's description."

"Didn't I tell you to leave it to me?" demanded Tuppence.

"You can't find that girl single-handed before two o'clock to-morrow."

"I can—and, what's more, I have!"

"Where is she and what was she doing?"

"As to where she is, she's in my office next door; and as to what she's doing—well, early training will tell, and with a kettle, a gas-ring, and half-a-pound of tea staring her in the face, the result is a foregone conclusion."

"You see," continued Tuppence gently, "Madame Sophie's is where I go for my hats, and the other day I ran across an old pal of hospital days amongst the girls there. She gave up nursing after the war and started a hat shop, failed, and took this job at Madame Sophie's. We fixed up the whole thing between us. She was to rub the advertisement well into young St. Vincent, and then disappear. Wonderful efficiency of Blunt's Brilliant Detectives. Publicity for us, and

the necessary fillip to young St. Vincent to bring him to the point of proposing."

"Tuppence," said Tommy, "you take my breath away. The whole thing is the most immoral business I ever heard of. You aid and abet this young man to marry out of his class—"

"Stuff!" said Tuppence. "Vi's a splendid girl—and the queer thing is that she really adores that weak-kneed young man. You can see with half a glance what his family needs—some good red blood in it. Vi will be the making of him. She'll look after him like a mother, ease down the cocktails and the night clubs, and make him lead a good healthy country gentleman's life. Come and meet her."

Tuppence opened the door of the adjoining office, and Tommy followed her.

A tall girl with lovely auburn hair and a pleasant face put down the steaming kettle in her hand, and turned with a smile that disclosed an even row of white teeth.

"I hope you'll forgive me, Nurse Cowley—Mrs. Beresford, I mean. I thought that very likely you'd be quite ready for a cup of tea yourself. Many's the pot of tea you've made for me in the hospital at three o'clock in the morning."

"Tommy," said Tuppence, "let me introduce you to my old friend, Nurse Smith."

"Smith, did you say? How curious!" said Tommy, shaking hands. "Eh? Oh, nothing—a little monograph that I was thinking of writing."

"Pull yourself together, Tommy," said Tuppence.

She poured him out a cup of tea.

"Now then, let's all drink together. Here's to the success of the Detective Agency! Blunt's Brilliant Detectives! May they never know failure!"

THE END.

## BROWNING ON BRIDGE.—LXVII.

### THE ORIGINAL LEAD.

WITH trumps declared against you, it is usual to lead the highest card in partner's suit. In most cases this is a bad lead and detrimental to the partnership interests in exactly the same way as when playing against a no-trump declare. The outstanding instances of this are: (a) When partner has not made an original bid; (b) When he has made an original bid, has been overcalled on his left, but has failed to advance his own bid.

Consider (a). Your partner A deals and passes. Y on his left calls a spade, you (B) and Z pass, when A bids two in anything, let us say diamonds. Y makes it two spades, and all pass.

Now, the expectation of your partner, A's, holding is something of this nature, and you are not entitled to look for anything much better—

DIAMONDS—Q, Kn, 8, 7, 4.  
SPADES—10, 3.  
HEARTS—K, 10, 9.  
CLUBS—Q, 10, 9.

Your own hand is—

DIAMONDS—A, 9, 2.  
SPADES—Q, 5, 4.  
HEARTS—Kn, 5, 4, 2.  
CLUBS—Kn, 8, 2.

Here, of course, you should lead the ace of diamonds. I say you should lead it because the book tells you to lead it, and, indeed, your partner will expect you to lead it. Well, I say it is losing play most every time—the lead will lose a trick most every time, and, what is worse, this ace lead so clears the way for declarer that very often he sees his way to game. [Continued overleaf.]



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## Prince's Plate

SPOONS and FORKS - *Last a Lifetime*

THIS fumed Oak Cabinet is conveniently fitted with Prince's Plate Spoons and Forks (Rat-tail pattern), and Stainless Steel Cutlery with "Tusca" (regd.) handles.

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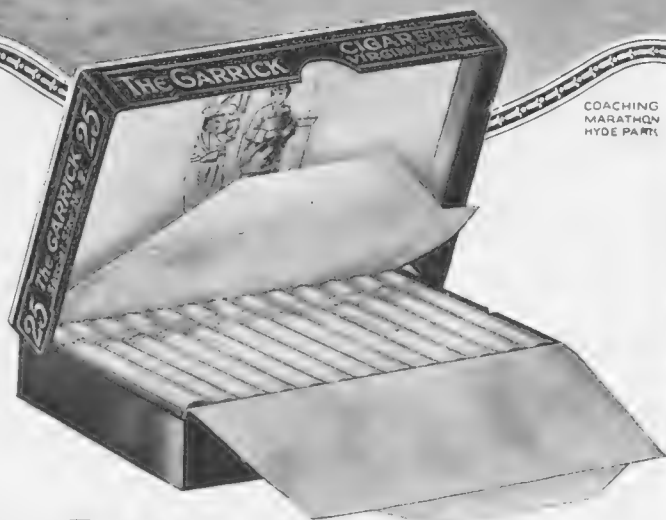
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Continued.]

For the moment leaving out of the question the probability of the diamond caller holding the king, the chances are that Y (declarer) holds that king of diamonds. Theoretically, it is an even chance whether Y or Z holds it. As a practical bridge proposition, however, Y is the more likely to hold it. Good players do not bid a suit *originally* without side support, and this player Y has bid two on his own. Of course, his side support need not necessarily be in diamonds; but as we know that he has some somewhere, I think it plain that on a probability basis anybody would stake money on Y holding this king in preference to Z. Further, if Y does hold it, he can reckon it a certain trick, because if B, on his left, holds the ace, he knows he will lead it; and if A, on his right, holds the ace, his king is a trick, anyway.

But let us suppose that this argument about Y being the more likely to hold the king of diamonds is all moonshine, and that as a fact Z holds it. Your opening with the ace immediately establishes a card of re-entry in dummy, and we all know what assistance it is to the player of the hand to have a ready-made card of re-entry across the table. Therefore, whether Y or Z holds the king of diamonds, the original lead of the ace is detrimental to your side—in one case establishing a sure winner, in the other establishing a sure winner and a sure card of entry at the same time.

You will say to all this, "Why worry about Y or Z at all? Your partner, the caller of diamonds, should hold the king." I answer, No! I can see no more reason for putting that card in his hand than into the hands of Y or Z. But you will say he has called *two* diamonds. Yes, but don't forget he did not call even one on the first round—his subsequent call was simply a

boost, and it does not guarantee anything in the shape of high honours, or, indeed, anything except hopes and possibilities. Anyhow, say that your partner has the king. Very well, that king and your ace will make their tricks in due season, even if you don't lead the ace at trick one; except on pianola or freak hands, when Y goes game in any event; and also, of course, on certain occasions when the picking up of these two tricks at once would have saved the game; but these occasions are so rare that the gain does not nearly balance the loss made by this lead on the other occasions.

Still assuming that your partner holds the king, there are other ways in which the ace lead does more harm than good. Give declarer Q, x, x, in the suit, or dummy Q, x, x, and knave, x, to declarer. In neither case can player of the hand make a trick sure unless the suit is opened for him, while the moment you clear the ace he has a certain stopper on the third round, and again you make a card of re-entry for him.

I am taking the case of the high card in partner's declared suit being the ace because it is the simplest case, and the easiest in which to explain my views. If readers will work out the position when the king, queen, or even the knave is the highest card for themselves, they will find that in the long end the same arguments apply, though possibly not to so great an extent.

I am afraid I have already over-run my space in dealing with case (a), so must leave (b) for another occasion. In the meantime I must ask forgiveness for harping at such length on these bridge openings. My excuse is that I consider them so very important; indeed, I find that more games are thrown away by a poor original lead than by all the subsequent leads put together.

## SOLUTION TO BRIDGE PROBLEM No. 25.

Score—love-all. A deals. The bidding was: A, three hearts; Y, four clubs; B, four hearts; Z, four spades; A, five hearts; Y, "No bid"; B, "No bid"; Z, double. End.

At trick one, Y leads the six of spades. How should A play the hand? A and B's hands were—

SPADES—A, 9, 2.  
HEARTS—Kn, 5, 4.  
CLUBS—5.  
DIAMONDS—10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5.  
B (dummy)

Y ——— Z

A (declarer)  
SPADES—K.  
HEARTS—A, Q, 9, 8, 7, 3.  
CLUBS—K, 3.  
DIAMONDS—A, K, Q, Kn.

A, of course, should have no difficulty in fulfilling his contract. The main idea of the problem is how should A make the most of the hand? He may make a grand slam, thus—

Trick one is important and must be taken in dummy with the ace. Now, be it observed, A cannot win the slam unless the adverse trumps are divided two and two. Hence it is no good leading the knave from dummy. A small one must be led and the queen finessed. If this wins, and if Y follows, A plays the ace and wins game, even if the doubler remains with the king guarded, by forcing out his king with diamonds. Should Y prove chicane in trumps, A must vary his game, and at trick three lead a club. On regaining the lead he plays his other club, and trumps with dummy's knave. If not over-trumped, dummy leads his last trump, and A loses one trump and one club trick only.

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872

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## THE WAY ROUND PARIS.

Sacha and  
What He  
Wrote in an  
Album.

The young lady who asks a distinguished author to write something in her book very often gets much better value than she deserves, for she is really doing the same sort of thing as if she invited her bootmaker to supply a pair of boots for nothing. The authors generally succumb, however, and the other day, Sacha gave a charming side-light on the histrionic character when he yielded to one of these requests. "Many an actor," he wrote, "would be late for his entrances if it did not always occur to him to think, as soon as he got up to his dressing-room, that it was quite long enough since the audience last had a look at him."

It is difficult enough to become the smartest dress-maker in Paris. It is more difficult still to remain so. One could think of several houses whose names are household words in the far corners of the earth for everything that is fashionable, but to whom no really *chic* woman in Paris would ever think of going to-day. They must still make money, for they still keep up large establishments in expensive streets; but it is no longer from the Parisienne. Fifteen years is the average limit of a *couturier's* life in the real lime-light. Poiret has been going on longer than that, but then Paul Poiret is an exceptional personality. He is even taking larger premises, as are also his two greatest feminine rivals, Chanel and Jeanne Lanvin. Perhaps the times have changed, and these three houses will all become permanent institutions.

The Cowboys  
and the  
Parisians.

The Rodeo has been a tremendous success with the Parisians. The arena up in far Montrouge—where the good tramways go when they die—has been crowded at every performance. Its very appropriate name is Buffalo, and at other times it is used for the Parisian workman's favourite sport of track cycle-racing. If the cowboys and cowgirls have been a success with the Parisians, the Parisians have been almost as much so with them. What appears chiefly to astonish them is the limited amount of clothing, reduced frequently to beyond vanishing point, which is considered sufficient on the stage at certain Paris theatres. They would probably be quite surprised to be told that the average Frenchwoman is not really like that. "Very interesting, but how different from the home life of our own dear Queen," as an old lady in the pit was heard to say at a performance of "Antony and Cleopatra" many years ago, in the days when they still acted Shakespeare in London.

Another new play in the off season. This time it is by Henri Duvernois and Robert Dieudonné, and it has just been produced at the Nouveautés. Duvernois has successfully transferred his talents from short-story writing to the theatre, and he has now become so familiar with his new technique that he writes very effective little plays. This one, which is called "La Guitare et le Jazz-Band," is full of subtle dialogue; but to understand it you must have lived in Paris and known its character. Anyone who is not Parisian would no doubt miss the spirit of it.

The Circus  
and the  
Intellectuals.

In the last few years the circus has been very much taken up by literary Paris. Artists paint pictures of it. Men write novels about it, and even plays. One of the latter was produced last season by the company which calls itself the Atelier; and now I hear that Pierre Pradier has just finished a comedy, "The Clown and the Princess," whose action also passes in the circus. No doubt it is the Fratellini who are chiefly responsible for this new interest in clowns and clowning. They have now moved to the largest circus in Paris, the Cirque d'Hiver, and the entertainment virtually consists of their clowning with a few other numbers thrown in. Talking of clowning also reminds me to tell you that Grock has at last found a new partner, and is appearing with him at the Empire.

Ronsard on a  
Postage Stamp.

The French Government has acquired the habit of printing a new postage stamp when it wants to commemorate any of its national heroes. That is why the letters which you will receive from this country in October will show, not the allegorical figure of the Republic sowing the good seed, to which you have become accustomed, nor the head of Pasteur, which has more recently replaced it, but the portrait of the poet Ronsard, the four hundredth anniversary of whose birth is being celebrated this year. Perhaps you will ask who Ronsard was and why he is being commemorated, and a good many people in France are asking the second question, if not the first. The most reasonable answer is that the sudden official enthusiasm about him is merely an excuse for giving the Legion of Honour to

[Continued overleaf]

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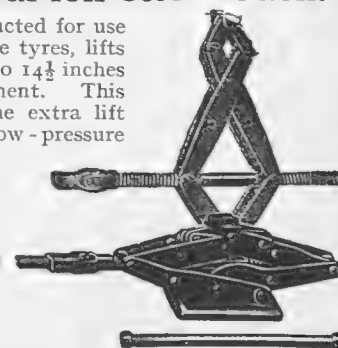
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Continued]

a number of people who would not otherwise have received the decoration. There is a fixed limit to the number of rosettes and

was, he may answer, "All I know is that he got me the Legion."

**"Cocktail"  
Banned by  
the Académie  
Française.**

After serious consideration, the French Academy has decided not to admit "cocktail" as being officially a French word. I do not suppose that anyone will worry very much about it, and more cocktails will continue to be consumed in Paris than—openly, at any rate—in New York. The refusal, however, perhaps represents a certain national protest against the drink as well as the word. As a Frenchman said to me the other day, "We have all sorts of spirituous liquors. There are the brandy of Cognac and Armagnac, the kirsch of Alsace, the calvados of Normandy; but we enjoy the taste of each one of them separately. It would never occur to any Frenchman to pour them all into a large glass and shake them up together." In other words, the French apparently like their drinks to taste neat. —BOULEVARDIER.

been held at the City School, although many years ago a few tentative efforts in private lessons were made. With the advantage of Mr. Harrison's youth, enthusiasm, and experience, there is no doubt that the departure will be a success. Mr. Harrison has also been appointed an Assistant Orchestral Conductor, in addition to Mr. Ivimey and Mr. Arthur Payne, F.R.A.M., and will conduct a weekly Choral Class.



AS FLEUR DE LYS IN "THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME": MISS WINIFRED BRYSON.

ribbons that can be issued, and this limit can only be exceeded if an exceptional event justifies what is called a 'special' promotion. So next year, if you ask a Frenchman with a little red buttonhole who Ronsard

Mr. Julius Harrison has been invited by Sir Landon Ronald to take charge of a new and important class at the Guildhall School of Music. A Class for Conducting has never, so far as we know,



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## NOVEL NOTES.

BECAUSE OF JOSEPHINE. By A. E. WYKE SMITH. (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.)

There are few more delightful writers of cultivated extravaganza than Mr. Wyke Smith. His "Some Pirates and Marmaduke" and "Captain Quality" remain bright and shining spots in the reviewer's drab days, and now here is another jolly yarn, quite different in setting, but the same in its power to amuse. James Howarth had no end of a time winning his Josephine, and before he succeeded he had, like every good romantic lover, to go through difficult times—all, however, in the light vein of half-burlesque. There's a mystery about Josephine and a hint of scandal, but not scandal of the kind that forces you to take uncomplimentary views of your fellow-creatures and of life generally. Miss Honoria Marble, Josephine's trying aunt and employer, and Mr. Norval Simsloe, the mining speculator, with his eternal apposite quotation, make excellent sport in a story of adventure and surprise, told with a whimsical oddity of plot and handling that puts you in the best of humours. One other virtue—it is excellently written. Behind all his genial fooling Mr. Wyke Smith has brains and knowledge.

A GENTLEMAN OF SORTS. By EVERETT YOUNG. (Duckworth; 7s. 6d.)

Mr. Everett Young is a writer to reckon with, and this, the first taste of his quality, promises good, perhaps even better, things to come. His "Gentleman of Sorts" is Andrew Croy, who married a little beneath him to save the girl's reputation, and tried, as his humble little wife said, to "teach her

to be Quality." Andrew's gentlemanliness was not equal to that task, without assistance, so he engaged his cousin, a French



THE HEROINE OF "THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME": MISS PATSY RUTH MILLER AS ESMERALDA.

"The Hunchback of Notre Dame" is to be generally released to thirty-four of London's principal picture theatres on Monday next, Sept. 29. It will be remembered that this film had a successful run at the Empire Theatre last winter. The part of Esmeralda, the heroine, is played by Miss Patsy Ruth Miller.

Marquise, to act as social governess. Nor did his gentlemanliness enable him to conquer resentment at the loss of social prestige his marriage had cost him. But Mary Kate was made of the right stuff, and very quickly began to pick up the ways and the tone of her husband's set. The resultant situations are capitally managed, and the characters of Andrew and his Mary Kate make a most interesting and often subtle study in development. The great point is that they do develop and end greater than they began—an essential of good fiction so often forgotten by present-day novelists. It would not be fair to say how the couple's progress ended, but it is worth while reading to find out. It is all very human, credible, and decent.

BITTER BREAD. By CATHERINE CLARK. (Hurst and Blackett; 7s. 6d.)

The Rev. John Carthew preached about celibacy—"monking and nunning"—a flippant hearer called it—with queer results. He forsook his principles and married Diana Anstruther. Thereafter he returned to the practice of celibacy and Diana fell into the arms of Tommy Carteret, an old admirer. A little later Diana made a confession that naturally astonished her long celibate husband. It also drove him mad, and he threw himself in front of a motor-car, in order that he might clear his wife's way to her lover, who, unfortunately, is already married to a devoted girl, Anne. Anne's devotion prompts her also to clear the way for Carteret (was ever man so copiously accommodated?), and although she shrinks from suicide, there is always wifely unfaithfulness. Accordingly, she hastens to offer herself (albeit with repugnance) to an old lover. Curtain falls on the precious pair, debating their present and future position. Crude rubbish.

[Continued overleaf.]



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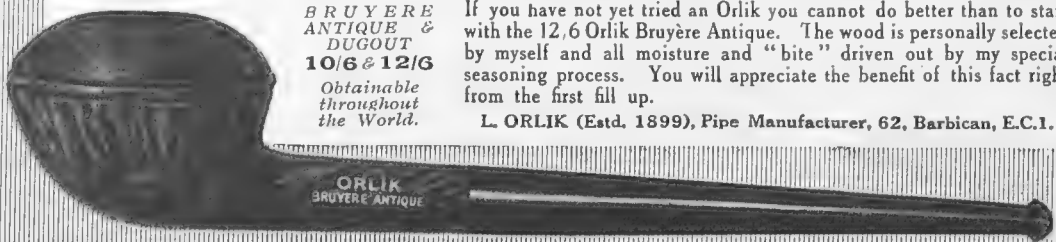
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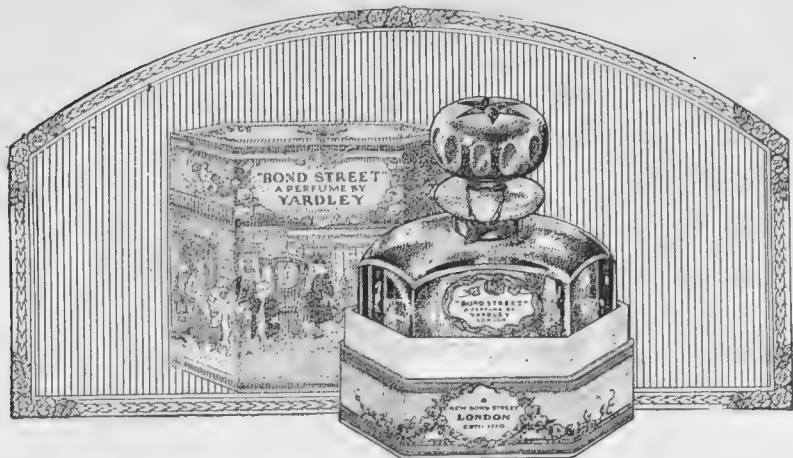
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**THE PAINTED SHOW.** By CICELY FARMER. (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.)

Rachel Darney was a "Georgian." She knew all about life, and insisted that the "bowdlerised edition" of the marriage service should be used at her wedding to Vincent Armstrong. The wedding wasn't very happy, for Vincent was a stiff sort of fellow. Still, he, too, may have had something to put up with. At any rate, he did not seek comfort elsewhere; but Rachel had a fiery affair with Adam Cary. Not so flaming, however, but that the pair, after the prevalent fashion of lovers in novels, could hold tedious, almost metaphysical, debates as to whether they shall go the whole hog. They thought of themselves as a new Romeo and Juliet! Precious little of that fine headlong passion about Adam and Rachel. Finally, an erring woman who had run off with Vincent's father talked like a Dutch Aunt to Rachel about the social disabilities of the irregularly mated. Thereupon Rachel writes Adam a letter of dismissal that must have aroused the laughter of the gods. Nor does the absurdity of this Georgian domestic drama end here. Oh for a touch of the "Victorian" young woman's reticence about maternity, lawful and otherwise, etc.

**INNOCENT DESIRES.** By E. L. GRANT WATSON. (Cape; 7s. 6d.)

The "underlying contention" of this book is, we are informed, that "where the conscience is clear, there the slaking of desire, however violent and passionate, is an inevitable and necessary process of growth." This amazing doctrine is illustrated, more or less, in a series of episodes, some of which are not without merit as short stories of the naked and unashamed—e.g., "A Raison d'Être" and "Gnillie." Several of the

scenes are laid in Australia, which is catching it very hot at present from the novelists.

**MARGOT'S PROGRESS.** By DOUGLAS GOLDRING. (Long; 3s. 6d.)

A new edition of Mr. Goldring's light and amusing story about Margaret Carter, the daughter of a Montreal grocer. The heroine came to London as "Margot Cartier," and pushed her way into Society. Good pictures of certain circles and manners.

## AT THE SIGN OF THE CINEMA.

BY MICHAEL ORME.

### "ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

(FIRST NATIONAL.)

THIS is a great theme, and it has resulted in a great picture. It seeks no adventitious aids to popularity—here are no cinema stars, no Hollywood extravagances, no meretricious improvements on history. There is the ring of truth in it; the die of sincerity stamps the whole production. The producer has dared to be faithful to history, and to make the character and ideals of the great American President the focal point of the drama. This is the essential unity of the film linking up the biographical or historical footnotes; and so successfully has Mr. Phil Rosen directed it that by its economy and direct simplicity we get a strength and significance which are hardly ever achieved in the cinema.

Incidentally, the producer has taken advantage of the scope afforded by the film, but denied to the play. It is the whole epic of Lincoln's life, from his birth in a Kentucky pioneer's cabin down to his assassination in Ford's Theatre. We are brought into intimate contact with all those shaping forces that

moulded his great character. We are made to feel the steady purpose, unflinching will, tender humanity, and giant intellect which carried him from a "flat" on the Mississippi to White House. Courage, endurance, pertinacity, and a divinely simple nature—all these qualities rise impregnable above the stormy annals, an inspiring example to all who watch the tale unfold. There is one moment of pathetic beauty that brings tears to our eyes. The love of Lincoln for the beautiful Ann Rutledge is a pure idyll of touching charm, and I have seen nothing more genuinely moving than the episode when he carries her to the window so that she may see the sun set for the last time. Miss Ruth Clifford plays with true sympathy and convincing tenderness. But the supreme success of the film has become possible through the acting of Mr. George A. Billings in the part of Lincoln. This is not acting, it is living. It isn't pretence and masquerade. It is creating. He moves and has his being because he has absorbed the very spirit of his part. Every gesture, every glance, every fleeting expression is potent with intensity. He makes us forget that this is only a pictorial record, and forces us to such a dramatic sympathy that our imaginations are fired and our hearts moved to pity, understanding, and love. I would take every school-child to see this film. I would urge every grown-up to watch for its release. It is dignified in tone, entertaining in story, inspiring in its ideals, finely conceived and finely presented. It has the simplicity of truth and the fidelity of character which make it grip from start to finish. We have sore need of such films. "Abraham Lincoln" is a splendid screen biography and an artistic achievement. It is more. It is a re-creation that quickens the spirit, for we can cry with Antony, "This was a Man."



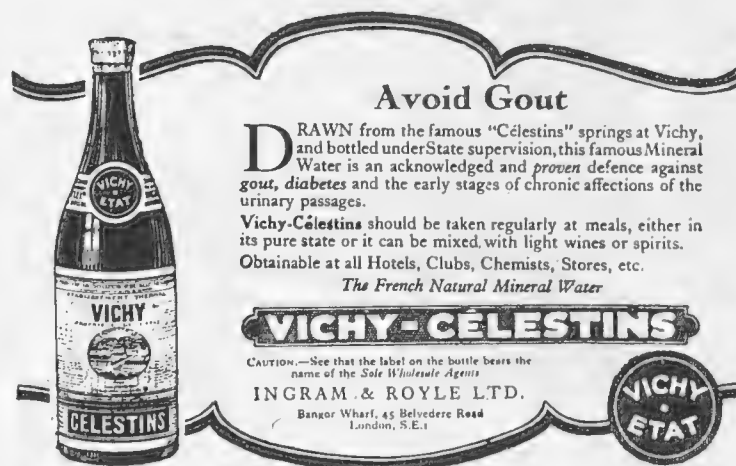
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## CITY NOTES.

## OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

HE dropped, as a stone, into the patient's arm-chair in his broker's office, and threw out his arms with a "Phew!"

"What's the trouble?" asked the broker. "You're not a bear of Mex. Eagles in a rising market, are you?"

"No, Sir," and Our Stroller spoke with a touch of asperity. "Nor am I a bull of Rubber shares, though I ought to have been."

"If that's intended for a stab at me," was the affable answer, "it's lost upon my horny hide. I didn't know Rubber shares were going up. How should I?"

"You're in the thick of things, and I should have thought—"

"My more-than-dear old chap, you talk like an ordinary client instead of the enlightened insider that you are."

"Not enlightened by you, anyway, as to this rise in Rubber shares."

"Now, don't tell me you want an explanation of the whole affair once again. A man of your discernment—"

"You can cut that out."

"—Must surely see that if I, or anyone else in the Stock Exchange, knew even for tolerably certain that a rise was coming, I should have bought enough for myself to give me a comfortable fortune, and robbed me of the pleasure of doing any more business for a client, however good-tempered."

"You've done that already, so far as the last part is concerned." Our Stroller refused to be placated.

"Have a State Express—or, wait a minute. Try this Criterion cigar, and smoke yourself into a mellow mood. Is this the trouble?"—he picked up one of Weatherill's bills. "Been buying school suits, eh?"

"Hats," was the laconic groan. "Hats, and ever more hats. Oh, but I've had a doing with my wife this morning! One hat at Swan and Edgar's, another at Jay's, then Harvey Nichols, and we wound up at Robert Heath's. Oh, my hat!"

"Good. You can crown your virtue by walking over to Queen Victoria Street and buying me a Lincoln Bennett. Come on."

"See you hanged first!"

"The doomed man," quoted the broker, "spent a restless night, and coughed more than once. He partook of a sparing breakfast, and refused a Melachrino cigarette."

"We won't shoot the Editors. Let's tie them, one at a time, between a couple of first-rate cars—"

"An Armstrong-Siddeley and a Buick, eh?"

"Those will do nicely. Tie up the Editor, as I said, between the cars, and then start them going in opposite directions."

"I'm not quite sure that would act. Practically every editor or newspaper proprietor—in London, anyway—would clamour to be done in like this, because of the magnificent advertisement it would be for his paper."

"Then we must think of something else, that's all. I'll keep an eye on the Chrysler motor announcements and see if they suggest anything."

"Keep an eye on the Rubber Market," said Our Stroller, reverting to his original grievance, "and tell me how I can make some money."

"The time isn't ripe yet for a sustained movement," the broker considered; "but you know what I told you before. Bajoe Kidoel was one."

"They've gone up so much."

"Well, you wouldn't buy them when I

wanted you to. By now you might have had a very decent—"

"Well, what next?" interposed Our Stroller. "Oh, certainly; please open it."

The broker shook out the wire and read it: "Put two fifty pounds into decent Rubbers—write, don't wire."

"And that's the sort of thing we have to contend with all day long," complained the broker. "People don't know what to buy, and so they leave it to us. Do you mind giving me my hat?—you're sitting on it."

"Sorry," apologised Our Stroller. "I didn't know it was a hat."

"My partner calls it Bonzo, because he says it's a study. And so it is—now. Regular star turn, eh?"

"What Rubber shares are you going to buy for your client?"

"Whatever decent ones I can pick up at reasonable prices. That's what it has come to. There's no real market yet."

"Tea shares finished?"

"As a gamble, yes. But the industry is doing better than ever, and the dividends will make people sit up."

"You wouldn't advise anyone to sell their Tea, then?"

"Oh yes, I should, if they had been going simply for a buzz in-and-out. Speculation has shifted into other directions. You can buy Hotel shares, Grafonolas, William Griffiths, and Cements."

"Not Marconis?"

"Leave them alone at the moment. I'd rather see you with Grafts. The company is doing awfully well."

"You didn't put me into Rubber shares—"

"If you don't leave off about those Rubber shares," retorted the broker, "I'll ask you to go to Egypt for the winter and, for my sake, not to trouble about taking a return ticket. So there, my boy!"

Friday, Sept. 19, 1924.

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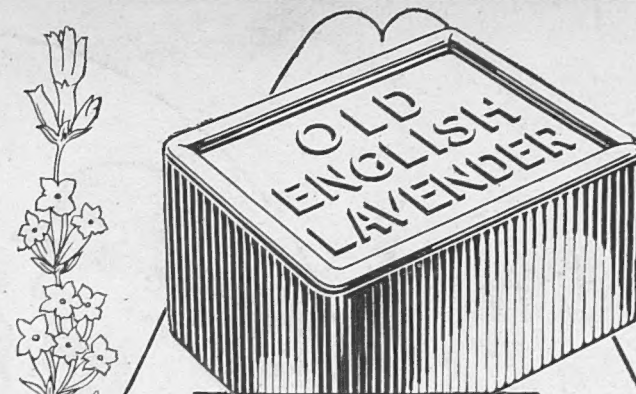
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